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Contents

The Week 174

Editorials

The Tariff Tragedy 176
Mr. Justice Parker 177
Hoover and Huston 178
The Children's Bureau 179

General Articles

Investment Trusts Gone Wrong ..... John T. Flynn 181
Individuality in Our Day ..... John Dewey 184
Dirty Hands ..... Perry Hobbs 188
I'll Take an Apple ..... Vincent Sheean 190
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 192
Neo-Classicism and Paul Hindemith ..... Paul Rosenfeld 193

Correspondence 194

Reviews of Books

A French View of Jefferson ... Robert Penn Warren 196
The Promised Land ..... John Chamberlain 197
Chekhov: Enfant Terrible ..... T. S. Matthews 198
The Lineage of Donne ..... Morton Dauwen Zabel 199
Labor in Illinois ..... Paul H. Douglas 199
Notes on Novels 200

The Week

JUST as The New Republic goes to press, a report to The New York Evening Post from its London correspondent states that the log jam in the naval conference has been broken. If this report is correct, the American delegation has permitted the work to proceed by reversing its former position against a consultative pact. Secretary Stimson, by informing Premier MacDonald that we would sign a treaty providing for our consultation with other powers in case of war, has prepared the way for reduction of the French building program, which in turn would allow the figures agreed upon between the United States and Great Britain to stand. Mr. Stimson's previous objection was that such a treaty, if negotiated as a condition of French reduction, would place us under an implied obligation to help France in any future war. This objection can be removed, he is now reported to have said, if France will announce that she will not so interpret the transaction. This is so obvious a piece of common sense that we wonder it was not attempted before. The New Republic never understood the reasoning of the American delegation in turning down the consultative pact, when it would be so easy to learn from the French delegates exactly what they did want in the way of implementation of the Kellogg Pact, and to make a strictly limited agreement on that basis.

AT THIS moment we do not know what would be the French response to the reported Stimson proposal, but if France follows the logic of her memorandum issued before the conference, she would accept it as a reason for substantial naval reduction. Let us suppose France should in some future crisis regard a certain nation as having violated its obligations under the Kellogg Pact or the League Covenant or both. What would the United States do about it? Would we deny that the nation in question was an aggressor? Would we fail to judge the issue, but at the same time, under the ancient doctrine of the "freedom of the seas," insist on supplying the offending nation with munitions? In either of these cases, France believes that she would need a great navy to protect her commerce and blockade her enemy, especially since Great Britain could not be relied upon to oppose our course. The Kellogg Pact alone would not protect her against these eventualities. But if we promise to confer in case of danger, the chance of evasion on our part is greatly decreased. We could hardly fail to join the other powers concerned in determining a case of aggression. Having done so, we could hardly insist on trading with the outlaw. France could not count upon our entering hostilities against the offending nation, but she could reasonably count on our not opposing police action by her navy or Great Britain's. What is of far more importance from the point of view of The New Republic, consultation in advance of threatened hostilities would greatly reduce the chance of war itself. It would greatly increase the chance of negotiation, mediation, arbitration.

A WASHINGTON jury has decided that Edward L. Doheny was not guilty of bribery when he paid Albert B. Fall $100,000 while the latter was Secretary of the Interior in the Harding Cabinet, and received the Elk Hills oil lease from which he ex-

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pected to make a profit of at least $100,000,000. Five months ago, another Washington jury, on a basis of the same evidence regarding the same transaction, found Fall guilty of accepting a bribe, and he was sentenced to spend a year in jail and pay a fine equal to the sum handed him by the late Edward L. Doheny, Jr.—a sum which the elder Doheny insisted was not intended as a bribe but merely as a loan to an old friend. Clearly, if one of these verdicts was just, the other was unjust and ought to be set aside. We do not need, at this late date, to tell readers of The New Republic which jury decision was in our judgment the erroneous one. Doheny's loan was made while the negotiations over the lease were at their height. It was surrounded with the utmost secrecy. As in the case of the similar transaction between Fall and Harry Sinclair, the principals exhausted every possible legal resource to avoid having the facts come to light. Fall lied about the source from which he received the money, saying it had come from Edward B. McLean, Washington newspaper publisher, and only when McLean at last repudiated this falsehood did the truth come out. From first to last, both Fall and Doheny acted exactly as they would have acted had they been guilty. The United States Supreme Court, cancelling Doheny's lease, said that the transaction had been tainted with fraud.

IT IS only possible to conjecture, of course, as to the reasons which impelled the men and women of the jury in the Doheny case to vote as they did. Most of them, naturally, knew nothing of the case except what they learned in the courtroom, and everyone knows how circumscribed such knowledge can be when the defense is conducted by an able lawyer like Mr. Frank J. Hogan, who represented Mr. Doheny. It may be that the jury really believed that the $100,000 represented a loan and not a bribe. It is even more likely that Mr. Doheny's age (he is seventy-three) was the decisive factor. The members may have considered that the monetary loss he underwent because of the cancellation of his contract, a loss which is estimated as high as $40,000,000, in itself constituted a rather stiff fine. But speculation as to the cause of their decision is of little value. After all, Doheny has been indicted and found guilty before the bar of American public opinion; and largely because of that fact, the easy public morality of Harding's day has disappeared. It is most unlikely that the oil scandals will be repeated in this generation; that is far more important than whether or not twelve average citizens in Washington were able to perform properly a task which, in the very nature of things, must have been beyond the mental competence of most of them.

MR. JULIUS H. BARNES, as chairman of the President's Business Survey Conference, has given out a long statement summarizing the business situation in numerous industries, and carrying his usual optimistic tone. In general, the average of the facts presented seems to support him, but the statement suffers from lack of the analytical treatment which an economist might have provided for it, and which would have brought the crucial questions into relief. It is generally assumed, on fairly reasonable grounds, that the three chief pillars of our recent prosperity were the building boom, active automobile production and large exports. All these have crumbled, and the work of repair has not gone very far. Mr. Barnes admits that in spite of the enlargement of public and industrial construction programs, the revival of the industry awaits mainly the lagging element of residential building. Automobile manufacture is not within hailing distance of last year. Exports suffer from depression abroad. Will easy credit remedy this situation? Or will it merely be drawn off into inflation of the stock market? That remains to be seen.

THOSE who have followed the announcements of the large volume of public works to be constructed this year may have assumed that the expenditure of all this money will bring business revival. No doubt it will help, but it must not be forgotten that the bulk of construction in recent years has been for residential purposes, and that until the building of houses and apartments revives, the construction industry cannot be really active. Residential building has been reduced by almost two-thirds between the peak in 1928 and the early months of 1930. One reason for the drop was the shortage of first-mortgage funds last year, due to the diversion of savings accounts to speculation. Another reason, the importance of which is noted by Colonel Leonard Ayres in The Bulletin of the Cleveland Trust Company, is the reluctance to lend money on second and third mortgages, even though credit in general is plentiful and cheap. There have been large losses in this type of financing in recent months, partly due to the existing depression, but also partly due to the fact that overbuilding really exists. The overbuilding cannot be remedied merely by a return of confidence or of easy credit. For any general resumption of residential building we must wait for the effective demand for housing to catch up with the supply.

ANOTHER infant industry, after being exposed to the horrid threat of foreign competition, has been offered adequate protection by the Senate. This time the American industry in question is that of publishing obscene books. The protection is afforded by Senator Smoot's amendment to the tariff bill, which prohibits the importation from foreign countries of "any obscene book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture, drawing or other representation." "They will be admitted," the Senator shouted, "over my dead body." His colleagues removed any necessity for this sad sacrifice. The federal customs officers,

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henceforth known as Smoot-hounds, will be charged with the duty of smelling out, tracking down and finally pouncing upon all questionable works of literature or art. It is true that the Smoot amendment, in its final form, is somewhat more liberal than the present tariff regulations. Recognized classics and scientific works, even though they treat of forbidden subjects, will be admitted under certain conditions. No penalties are provided for the importers in any case, and the obscene books themselves will have the right to be tried before a federal court before being condemned to destruction. Nevertheless, the Smoot amendment is likely to be effective; and the pornography of foreign lands will continue to be excluded, in favor of the domestic article.

MR. WHALEN will or will not resign as police commissioner of New York City. Mr. Whalen will or will not reënter business in May, after a few more Communist heads have been cracked in the May Day celebration. Emphatically he declares that he will not, but rumors are persistent, and no one seriously doubts that the skids are under him. It would be comforting to think that they had been put there by the eighteen professors of the Columbia Law School who protested against his attempt to have Communist workers discharged by business firms and Communist children expelled from the public schools. It would be equally comforting to believe that the skids under Mr. Whalen were the carpentry-work of Norman Thomas and the ninety-six other citizens who called attention to his lawless treatment of Communist agitators and petitioned the Mayor for his removal. Only a Rollo Boy, unfortunately, could take this happy view of the situation. The truth of the matter seems to be that Mr. Whalen is being propelled toward private life by politicians who hope to preserve the profitable alliance between criminal justice and the criminal, who dislike the publicity which attended Mr. Whalen's handling of the Vitale case, and who care not at all whether Communists are treated with justice or brutality, so long as obliging magistrates are allowed to retain their place on the bench.

The Tariff Tragedy

THE truth about the tariff consists of a series of time-honored generalities which, in spite of their importance, have lost their power to stir the imagination or arouse the emotions. Nevertheless, now that the Senate has completed its labors with the House bill, and we must await the final disposition of the measure after it comes from conference, let us list a few of them.

Protection can accomplish its avowed purpose only by raising the prices of the protected articles. What the producer gains in profit, the consumer loses in purchasing power. The total volume of consumption and production in the country cannot be raised one cent by protection.

Protection decreases national wealth by encouraging the use of resources and effort in industries which are less efficient, while it handicaps industries which, like the automobile industry, can sell their products in competition with foreign makers. It imposes higher prices for materials on the American producer than are paid by his foreign competitor.

Protection discourages foreign trade by preventing foreigners from selling goods in this country and so gaining the means wherewith to buy our products.

Protection calls forth retaliation on the part of foreign countries and greatly increases international ill will.

Only a relatively small part of the population can be protected. You cannot protect sellers of goods and services which are not imported, in any case. You cannot protect makers of goods who turn out more products than can be sold in the United States, unless these producers constitute a monopoly and can "dump" the surplus abroad by selling at lower prices there than here. Those who cannot be protected include most of the farmers, commercial workers, transportation, communication and public-utility workers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., etc., as well as many manufacturing workers themselves.

The extraordinarily high duties existing before the present bill was framed did not prevent the arrival of industrial depression.

Tariff bills written by Congress almost always result in increased duties for favored industries, arrived at by a trading process among congressional representatives of special and local interests. The general interest and the consumers' interest receive comparatively feeble representation. The present bill is no exception.

The present session of Congress to deal with the tariff came about because Herbert Hoover promised to call it in behalf of farm relief and a few (unspecified) depressed industries. While even prohibitive duties could not aid most of the farmers, the session has granted increased duties to numerous strongly organized industries which, though they did not need help, can profit by it.

The measure incorporated in the Senate bill by which the tariff might possibly be made temporarily effective on the more important farm products—the export debenture—is bitterly opposed by Mr. Hoover and the Republican machine in the House. It probably will not remain in the bill as it comes from conference.

In endeavoring to restore prosperity, the forces surrounding the President have paid special attention to the stimulation of building, and look hopefully for the revival of automobile production. Neither of these industries could be aided by tariff revision upward, though they would be injured by it.

For a while a coalition of Senators representing the farmers successfully resisted increases in in-

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dustrial rates. But eventually they were defeated by the tactics of Senator Grundy of Pennsylvania, who before his appointment as Senator was censured for his lobbying activities, who has admitted that he believes the tariff should be used to pay party obligations to campaign contributors, and who has never been elected to his seat.

The inevitable delay incident to congressional revision of the tariff, schedule by schedule, has prevented Congress from attending to other and necessary measures.

President Hoover has failed to provide any leadership in this conflict by giving encouragement to those supposed to support his program—or to any other group.

It is a delusion that the "flexible" provision favored by the President, which would allow him to revise rates without congressional action, would provide any remedy for an exorbitant and unjust tariff. The same forces which induce Congress to raise rates would put pressure on the President to the same end, while most of those who suffer from high prices have no voice. If Mr. Hoover has neither the intelligence nor the courage to speak out against the bill framed by Congress, he cannot be trusted to revise it downward after it is passed.

General increases in the tariff, while unwise under any circumstances, are especially anachronistic at this stage of the American economy. They block the movement toward extension of foreign trade and closer economic integration among the nations. They obstruct the only means by which our foreign debtors can eventually meet their obligations—selling their goods to us. There can be no excuse that they are needed to protect "infant industries" in this country—the industrial giant of the world.

President Hoover and the dominating forces of the Republican party are therefore already guilty of a major economic blunder in having brought about the present tariff situation. The lowest terms to which the loss could be reduced would be the waste of time incurred by congressional deliberation, if the final draft of the bill should be defeated or vetoed. One year of the administration will have been thrown away, as far as any legislative gains are concerned. But it would be far better to take this loss and begin anew than to allow the measure to become a law. That would add to the inevitable waste an active instrument of injury and injustice. It would sap the prestige of the Hoover administration, and would array against the President many of the influences on which he must depend for support of any constructive economic program he may have in mind. It would probably lead to another tariff struggle in the near future, when an aroused public would attempt to undo the damage done, thus diverting social and political energies from the more important tasks before the nation. It would seriously compromise, if not defeat, the contribution which it was hoped Mr. Hoover would make to politics—the bringing of expert competence to bear upon public problems. The tariff performance of his first year is a thing which must flout the intelligence and disgust the conscience of any socially minded expert. Already an egregious blunder, it is by way of becoming a tragedy in American political evolution.

Mr. Justice Parker

APPOINTING a new Justice of the United States Supreme Court has all the finality of designing a big public building. Good or bad, he is there to stay. We cannot get rid of him, we cannot even get away from him for a long, long time. Cabinet officers, ambassadors, conferees and commissions may vanish and be forgotten, but for many years after the White House gets a new owner, the Justice continues to have a last word on vital state and federal legislation, and even when he himself is gone, the effect of his decisions will go on. Therefore nothing which the President does in time of peace is more important than his selections for the Court. Since Chief Justice Hughes was, in part, the choice of a former President, the appointment of Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina is the first definite indication of Mr. Hoover's ability to pick members of the supreme bench. What kind of decisions and opinions can we expect from Mr. Justice Parker?

When a new appointee to the Court is a practising lawyer, his achievements, aside from arguments in court, are known to very few persons, and his abilities must be largely determined from hearsay. Fortunately, Judge Parker's work is open to all for appraisal. Since he was appointed in 1925 by Mr. Coolidge to the Circuit Court of Appeals which hears cases from the Carolinas, the Virginias, and Maryland, he has written about one hundred and forty opinions. A careful reading of these gives a pretty good forecast of the qualities he will show in his new position.

His opinions are usually decisive and solid, leaving no doubt as to what he means. They state the existing law carefully and quote many previous cases. Indeed, he is inclined to give the reasoning of others rather than his own. He is thorough at some cost of length, and in some decisions he exhibits a considerable degree of power in presenting a mass of material in clear and orderly fashion. For the most part his conclusions on the questions before him seem sound. He undoubtedly ranks above most judges of American state and lower United States courts. And it is reported that his control of the cases during oral argument makes a marked impression on lawyers who appear before him.

Yet all this is not enough to make a man the first choice in the whole country for the Supreme Court. Satisfactory handling of the ordinary run of litigation, contracts, personal injuries, land titles, patents, bankruptcy, is shown in most of these opinions. But the Supreme Court nowadays has little to do with such matters. It deals mostly with ques-

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tions of constitutional law and the application of acts of Congress. Such cases involve problems of the relation between different departments of government and between state and nation which require for their solution statesmanship as well as judicial ability. In the quiet circuit where Judge Parker sits, there is little opportunity for experience in these problems, and consequently not much indication in his opinions of the way in which he will meet them. Three cases on interstate commerce dealt with the liability of the Standard Oil Company to intrastate rates when it transferred its products at Wilmington from vessels to tanks, from which they were shipped by rail to other North Carolina points; the "lake cargo" order of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which was held to exceed its powers; and a North Carolina occupation tax on tobacco dealers. He held that the Sherman Act did not apply to the activities of the Union Carbide and Carbon Company, but did allow the West Virginia non-union mines to enjoin the United Mine Workers from interfering with their business on the ground of a restraint of interstate commerce. Other constitutional decisions upheld a Virginia statute allowing the destruction of trees infected with cedar rust and the condemnation of Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The only indication of his attitude toward civil rights is one opinion declaring a seizure of narcotics invalid. His few prohibition cases very properly display no personal opinion on this subject. In the "Vinces" case, he allowed a rum vessel within the twelve-mile limit to be seized outside the limit after a "hot pursuit." The question whether Judge Parker takes a liberal or a conservative view on constitutional issues is much less important than his comparative lack of contact with the problems of this nature which come before the Supreme Court.

There would be less cause to doubt his ability to handle those problems with great distinction if his decisions on questions of private law showed an awareness of new currents of thought. Even a layman cannot read decisions by Cardozo or Learned Hand without realizing that he is in contact with a great judge. In contrast, Judge Parker's scores of opinions yield hardly a single passage which would be quoted as a distinctive statement of a legal principle. They are competent, but have not a spark of inspiration. He accepts traditional legal conceptions without a shadow of doubt, as when in the Dodson Case he insists that the presumption of innocence is not just a rule that the accused must be shown to be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, but is actually evidence to be weighed by the jury—as if it were in fact probable that every man indicted by a grand jury has committed no crime! Satisfactory as he is in his application of sound and settled law, he gives no evidence as yet of a power to adjust the law to important new conditions.

These doubts of his mental flexibility are strengthened by his only published non-judicial writing, an address in 1928 before the West Virginia Bar Association on "The Lawyer in a Democracy." A bar-association speaker is not under oath, but the following extracts do show a certain want of discrimination.

> The great thing which I have brought back from my journey [in Europe] is the feeling that we are living in a nation which is not only the greatest nation in the world but which is so far beyond the other nations I have visited that there is no ground for a fair comparison. . . .
>
> The Constitution means personal security, personal liberty, private property protected not alone from the fury of the mob but from ill-advised majorities actuated by envy or hatred or malice. . . .
>
> Out of the ruin and chaos that engulfed the world at the end of the Great War, America, your country and mine, was able to lead the nations into the paths of sanity and honor, and she was able to do it because her government rested, not upon the whim of the moment, but upon the eternal principles of righteousness written into the Constitution as the fundamental law of the land.

Judge Parker has one great advantage over many other recent appointees to the Court, his age of forty-four years. He is not so old but that he may learn. At the same time one cannot help wondering whether Mr. Hoover was trying to pick a great judge or a conspicuous Southerner. Perhaps he acted on the principle imposed by the old sergeant on a recent arrival in the trenches, who, when about to go over the top, exclaimed, "Today we make history!" "What you've got to do," said the sergeant, "is to make geography." This selection may help the President to keep some of the solid South, but it still remains to be seen whether it justifies the confidence of Mr. Hoover's supporters during the campaign in his unparalleled power to choose men of the highest ability for governmental positions.

Hoover and Huston

REVELATIONS before the Senate committee on lobbying in the past few days have given us some interesting news about Mr. Claudius H. Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Huston, we learn, before he succeeded to this important post, was president of the Tennessee River Improvement Association, and in that capacity he solicited contributions for the work of the association, from the Union Carbide Company among others. The Union Carbide Company gave him $36,000, and this money went into the treasury of the association. Before it did so, however, it found a temporary resting place in the hands of a stock brokerage house which handled Mr. Huston's personal and private Wall Street speculative activities. This transaction has enraged some Senators of sensitive conscience, and they are after Mr. Huston's scalp.

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No doubt this juggling of private and public bank accounts deserves reprehension, but there is another aspect of the matter, almost entirely overlooked, which seems to The New Republic at least ten times more serious. The Tennessee River Improvement Association is a high-sounding name for an organization with a far from innocuous purpose. It was organized to fight government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals. It endorsed, and worked for, the proposal of the American Cyanamid Company for developing that project, almost the worst of all the schemes for turning the vast potentialities of Muscle Shoals over to private enterprise and profit. The Union Carbide Company stood to gain heavily from acceptance of the American Cyanamid bid, which accounts for the readiness with which its officers handed over $36,000 to Mr. Huston.

The real significance of the whole incident lies in its illumination of the mind of Mr. Hoover. Mr. Huston, though not his first choice for the place, was still his own personal selection as chairman of the Republican National Committee. They had been intimately associated when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce and Mr. Huston, for two years, was assistant. It is impossible that the President could have been ignorant of Mr. Huston's activities as a propagandist in regard to one of the most important problems which this administration must solve. What can be said, then, in defense of making this man the chief executive officer of the Republican party?

In the past, Mr. Hoover has often been guilty of political ineptitude, due partly to inexperience and partly to a natural disinclination which would keep him a bungler at this sort of business if he lived to be two hundred. Here, however, is something more than mere ineptitude. Here is a deliberate ignoring of public opinion in regard to a highly important controversial issue. In his post as Republican chairman, no fact about Mr. Huston could be more important than his attitude on the power question. We take it for granted that in a few weeks, at most, he will have been dismissed and the incident will be closed as far as he is concerned. For the President, however, it must remain one of the most serious and disturbing actions of his first year in office.

The Children's Bureau

NO DEPARTMENT of the federal government has received, since its inception, such general praise from all disinterested sources as the Children's Bureau. Created in 1912 as a research bureau, directed to "investigate and report upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life among all classes of our people," it has made studies and surveys of the conditions of childhood in homes, schools, industries and the courts. Its value is revealed especially as furnishing an example to the states. In 1912, only one state had a bureau of child health. Now, forty-six have such bureaus, and more than half of the states have created child-welfare commissions. It is a significant fact that in 1912 there were 1,990,000 child workers; according to the latest reports, there are now 1,060,000.

The activities of the Bureau were greatly extended by the Sheppard-Towner Act of 1921, whereby the sum of $1,240,000 was provided annually for five years for the specific protection of maternity and infancy, to be undertaken in coöperation with the several states. On the expiration of the five years, the provision was extended for two years more. Under it the Bureau has made an intensive field study of social conditions affecting infant mortality in rural and city areas. In coöperation with state departments it has published pamphlets on prenatal care and the care of infants, conducted conferences, classes and correspondence courses for mothers, and schools for the training of midwives, particularly among Negroes. In 1928, partly as a result of these activities, 16,000 babies lived who, under conditions prevailing in 1922, would have died. That the work of the Bureau in this field remains incomplete, however, is shown by the fact that seven countries have a lower rate of mortality than the United States for infants, and seventeen for mothers. Altogether, it would seem that an administration which has advertised the promotion of human welfare as its chief object could find no activity more worthy of support and reënforcement than that of the Children's Bureau.

On the eve of the expiration of the Sheppard-Towner Act by limitation, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Newton to provide for the continuation of the program. Hearings were held before the Committee on Commerce of the House, which reported favorably. Congress, however, adjourned without taking action. In April, bills to the same effect were introduced into the Senate by Senator Jones and into the House by Representative Cooper. The bills remained in committee, and the Sheppard-Towner Act expired in June, 1929. Hope for a continuation of the work of the Children's Bureau was revived, however, by a paragraph in President Hoover's message of December, 1929. In it he said, "I recommend to Congress that the purpose of the Sheppard-Towner Act should be continued *through the Children's Bureau* [italics ours] for a limited period of years." There followed, however, the vague suggestion that "Congress should consider the desirability of confining the use of federal funds by the states to the building up of such county or other local units, and that such outlays should be positively coördinated with the funds expended through the United States Public Health Service directed to other phases of the same county or other local unit organization."

What Mr. Hoover had in mind by these phrases

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was doubtful, but his first statement seemed positive; and accordingly the National League of Women Voters and others interested in the welfare of women and children pressed the committees for action. To their surprise and dismay they were informed that the bills had been held up at the request of the administration. Senator Johnson, who had succeeded Senator Jones as chairman of the Commerce Committee, stated explicitly that he had received a request signed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, stating it to be the wish of the President that the measure be held in abeyance until the report of the White House Conference on Child Health. Without waiting for such a report, however, Representative Cooper, on February 14, introduced a measure as a substitute for his bill already pending to continue the Sheppard-Towner Act. This bill imitates Mr. Hoover's unhappy vagueness of statement, but the essential point is that it removes from the jurisdiction of the Children's Bureau the matter of maternal and infant health, which is to be transferred to the Public Health Service of the Treasury Department. An appropriation of $750,000 is provided to be expended in coöperation with the states and territories in the development of local health units for the prevention of disease in general, "with especial reference to maternity and health of mothers and children."

Another $750,000 is provided for the Children's Bureau, to be expended in promoting the welfare of mothers and children. Mr. Cooper explained that he introduced this second bill at the request of President Hoover. The expenditures are to be coördinated under a board consisting of the surgeon general (chairman), the head of the Children's Bureau, and the Commissioner of Education. At present the head of the Children's Bureau is chairman of the Federal Board of Maternity and Infancy Hygiene.

It is obvious that the division of funds and authority between the Children's Bureau and the Public Health Service is in no way conducive to sound and economical administration. The Bureau, in its eighteen years of work, has demonstrated the close connection between social conditions and infant and maternal mortality. Is its promotion of the general welfare of mothers and children to cease at the point which is crucial in that welfare—health? The Bureau has developed its machinery in accordance with a logical program, and it must be admitted that it has accomplished an enormous amount of good for very little money. How many of the private foundations and endowments can boast of anything like its achievements in the last seven years for the expenditure annually of a million and a quarter dollars?

It seems clear that the Public Health Service has not the point of view, the personnel or the machinery to enable it to work on the same lines. Moreover, the confusion attending transfer and reconstruction will be extended to the states. The Public Health Service may achieve the same results as the Bureau—it can hardly be expected to surpass them—but in the meantime it is heavily burdened with responsibilities in its present field.

It is the fashion to talk of the desirability of restoring local initiative, of preventing stiff and dead bureaucracy, of furthering administrative decentralization. Admirable as these generalities are, they should not be used to sponsor measures which take away from specific agencies work which is being well done by them, and turn the same functions over to new agencies untested for the purpose in hand. It is not too much to ask the opponents of the Children's Bureau to specify, to substantiate whatever charges they may have. Is it a formalistic bureaucracy which kills local initiative? We know no reason to suppose so.

Altogether, the administration bill, marked in its inception by double dealing, is open to the suspicion of sabotage. It would be naïve not to admit that suspicion. The powerful American Medical Association is always on guard against anything savoring of contract medicine. Already the Chicago Medical Society, which last year expelled Dr. Schmidt for supporting the Public Health Bureau, has taken the field against the continuation of the Sheppard-Towner Act. Its president, Dr. Charles B. Reed, makes the announcement that in Illinois, which has not accepted any grant of federal funds, "infant mortality has declined 50 percent faster than in Indiana, which has sought federal aid in terms of the Sheppard-Towner law." If there are figures to support this astonishing statement, and we cannot find them, there are none to free it from the implication of a well known fallacy—*post hoc ergo propter hoc*. We hope the administration will support the new bill introduced in the House by Representative Goodwin, restoring the old provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act. President Hoover can convince us that he meant exactly what he said in the first sentence of the quoted paragraph in his message only by making this bill the legitimate administration measure instead of the bastard Cooper Bill.

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Investment Trusts Gone Wrong

I: *How the Insiders Control Your Money*

This is the first of a series of four articles in which Mr. John T. Flynn will discuss the social dangers involved in the present development of many American investment trusts. In the second article, to be published next week, he will show how investment trusts coöperate with investment bankers to unload their securities on the public. —THE EDITORS.

IN SPITE of many criticisms which have seeped into the press, no adequate statement of the abuses to which the investment trust has been put in this country has yet been made. As a matter of fact, no adequate statement can be made until these institutions are compelled to come out of the dark corners in which most of them do their work. The information available about their operations is meager. But there is enough to give us a picture of bad management and losses little short of amazing.

I am not, however, primarily interested in bad management and losses. I am not concerned with the operating problems of the investment trust. I am interested in the investment trust because it is a new angle of ownership. The revolutionary shifts which are taking place in the ownership of our whole industrial machine are the most important phenomena in our current economic life. This thing we call capitalism is coming in for some very profound modifications. There are various theories of ownership and control in favor in various schools from the extreme of communism to the extreme of capitalistic individual ownership—private ownership. In between are the ideas of those who, like Mr. Owen D. Young, think the ownership of our industries should be in the hands of management and that money should be deprived of its present function of ownership. There are those who would like to see various forms of industrial democracy—for example, the ownership and control of industries by the whole operating forces in those industries, or the ownership and control of industries by vast aggregations of small stockholders who will be so numerous that they will be coextensive with the political electorate. But while theorists debate these various schools, powerful influences, more or less undirected, but pushed forward by many social and economic forces, are remodeling our industrial state upon wholly different plans. While economists are discussing the separation of the functions of management and ownership, drifting forces are slowly taking the possession of industry out of the hands of both.

It is because investment trusts are destined to play an important and indeed, a dominant role in this development that I am concerned about them. They are responsible for abuses of management which will tend further to complicate and corrupt this development and intensify its anti-social features.

There cannot be very much argument as to what the public thinks investment trusts are, whatever they may be in fact. They are money pools—reservoirs of money for investment purposes. The small investor entrusts his money to the pool because he believes it will be more safely managed. It is a pool in which are gathered portions of the surplus funds of the people. In this respect it is like the savings bank. It differs from the savings bank in the uses to which the saver wishes to put the fund. The savings pools are for small, slowly growing reserves which can be quickly reached and which can be made to yield moderate profits. The reserves put into the investment trusts are such as the saver wishes to be used in more profitable, and hence more adventurous, investment.

The American saver of today sees that there is a persistent increment in industry which accrues to the wise investor. He wishes to be one of these wise investors. But he knows he has not the information, the training, the time or the capacity for wisely selecting his stock. Moreover, he hasn't enough money to spread his investments over a large number of securities and thus reduce the risk. He has turned eagerly, therefore, to investment trusts as agencies giving him precisely the things he lacked. The trusts promised expert management. They promised diversification of investment. They promised, over and above this, and by necessary implication when they did not promise it explicitly, that the funds would be treated as trust funds to be handled with an eye singly to the interests of the investor. These promises have been broken—and shamefully broken.

In spite of these broken promises, I want to emphasize at the outset that I do not condemn the investment-trust idea. I think it is the wisest instrument for investment yet devised. I believe it can be developed into a useful and profitable system for popular participation in the fruits of industry. But this important purpose has been lost in the widespread exploitation which the idea has received in America.

I should like to show first of all the many devices which the organizers and promoters and managers of the investment trusts have employed permanently to remove the funds created from the con-

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trol of those who supply them. These devices are varied and interesting, ranging from the simplest forms to highly complicated capital structures.

The Colonial Bond and Share Company was formed in Delaware. Here is the capital issued:

Debentures	$307,000
First Preferred	625,000
Class A stock, 35,000 shares	255,000
Class B stock, 25,000 shares	250,000
Total capital	$1,437,000

The voting power, however, is lodged entirely with the Class B stock. Thus, with an investment of $250,000, the organizers can control a fund of five times that amount.

The structure may be a trifle more complicated and subtle. The National Investors Corporation was organized in 1927 with the following issues of stock:

Preferred shares, $100 par	$4,000,000
40,000 shares common, no par	400,000
	$4,400,000

When this $100-par Preferred stock was offered, the price was $110. One share of common was given with it, and this is why I put the common down at $400,000 for the 40,000 shares. The common was then set down as a liability at $1 and the remaining $9 was allotted to paid-in surplus. The organizers, holding all the common for $400,000, could sell the Preferred slowly and thus control the whole fund of $4,400,000 with an investment of $400,000. I do not say they did this. But there was nothing to prevent it.

Here, however, the investors did put up some money. But this is not always the case. Up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Cambridge Trust Company organized a trust which they called the Cambridge Investment Corporation. It issued the inevitable Class A and B shares, as follows:

Class A common	10,000 shares
Class B common	1,000 shares

The Class B shares, however, have exclusive voting power; so the bank, which absorbed them, owns the investment trust. What did it pay for the trust? It is difficult to say. But we may risk an inference. The 10,000 Class A shares sold for $52 a share. Thus, they fetched $520,000. The trust, in making its statement, puts its total assets down at $520,000. Apparently no other money was paid to the trust. We may assume that the bank got its 1,000 shares and the ownership of the company for nothing.

A somewhat more extreme case is found in New York in the Chatham Phenix Allied Corporation. It was set up, as the name implies, as an investing subsidiary of the Chatham Phenix Bank. It issued:

1,900,000 shares non-voting stock at $27	$51,300,000
100,000 shares voting stock at $25	2,500,000
Total	$53,800,000

As the voting stock was issued to itself, it looks as if the bank got control of a $50,000,000 fund for $2,500,000. But let us look a little closer. The statement, issued before any investments were made, did not give $53,800,000, the sum obtained from the sale of the two issues. It read as follows:

1,900,000 shares non-voting stock	$47,500,000
100,000 shares voting stock at $25	2,500,000
	$50,000,000

The apparent disappearance of $3,800,000 may be naturally explained. Banks do not organize investment trusts or anything else for nothing. Did the organization expense come to $3,800,000? If so, this was enough to pay for the $2,500,000 worth of controlling shares and leave a balance of $1,300,000. How much of this balance was consumed in expenses and in fees I do not know. But we can see with half an eye how a bank might get the control of the $50,000,000 fund without putting up a cent—and get it in perpetuity.

Instances like this, some quite simple and frank, others concealed under complicated capital structures, could be multiplied at length. Let us look now at some of the more complicated forms, which reveal the far-reaching possibilities of this instrument of finance.

Dillon, Read and Company, leading bankers of New York, organized the United States and Foreign Securities Company. The capital was sold as follows:

First Preferred, $6 cum., no par—250,000 shares	$25,000,000
Second Preferred, $6 cum., no par	5,000,000
Common stock, no par—1,000,000 shares	

This common stock was given as a bonus to the purchasers of the First and Second Preferred. The First Preferred was sold to the public for $25,000,000. With each share of First Preferred was given one share of common. Thus, the First Preferred stockholders got 250,000 shares of common or one-fourth of the common stock. The 50,000 shares of Second Preferred were sold to Dillon, Read and Company and their associates for $5,000,000; but they were given 750,000 shares of the common as a bonus. Thus, for their $5,000,000 they got that amount of Second Preferred stock, as well as three-fourths of the common stock and hence a perfect control of the corporation. The common stock was a pure bonus for which they paid literally nothing, as the Second Preferred with a guarantee of $6 a share is worth $5,000,000 if the corporation is solvent. It would be possible for them to sell this Second Preferred and with their 750,000 shares of common hold ownership and control of the trust without putting up a cent. Whether the Second Preferred was sold or not, I cannot say. But certainly some of it was.

Hence, with $5,000,000, Dillon, Read and Company secured control of this $30,000,000 trust, the

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assets of which have grown to $53,000,000. And, as I have intimated, this security has been obtained with much less than $5,000,000 in actual cash.

However, the process does not end here. The bankers next organize the United States and International Securities Company. Here again they sell First and Second Preferred shares and common stocks, as follows:

First Preferred, 500,000 shares at $100	$50,000,000
Second Preferred, 100,000 shares at $100	10,000,000
Common stock, 2,500,000 shares	

Here again the First Preferred was sold to the public. The buyers received a share of common for each share of First Preferred bought, thus getting 500,000 shares. The Second Preferred was sold to Dillon, Read and Company's first trust—the United States and Foreign Securities Company. It paid $10,000,000 for the 100,000 shares and got as bonus the remaining 2,000,000 shares of common. Now, as the first trust owned the second one, it will be seen that the bankers and their friends had both trusts in their possession for an initial investment of less than $5,000,000. In other words, they secured control of a $100,000,000 combination for the investment of one-twentieth of that sum and perhaps a great deal less. This is, in fact, only part of this story, for other investment trusts were formed. But it is enough to illustrate the point I have been making.

This, however, is only the beginning of this process.

The most striking instance of all, of course, is the case of the American Founders Company, one of the most successful combinations of investment trusts, now becoming a tangle not easy to make clear. This company was established in 1928 upon the foundations of an earlier trust organized in 1923. Harris, Forbes and Company and some other bankers sponsored it.

The assets of the American Founders Company are set down in the last statement at $129,000,000. The company is owned and controlled by the common stock, and this is set down in the balance sheet among the liabilities as $61,922,006. How much of this is owned by the organizers I do not know. How much of it is represented by cash payments I have not tried to work out. Since the original sale of stock there have been some additional issues, a stock dividend and one split-up. It is probable that the organizers did not put altogether a fourth of that sum into the investment. However, the stock is now worth $61,922,006, and we set it down at that figure. This stock controls the $129,000,000 American Founders investment. But this is only the beginning.

The managers now proceed to organize another investment trust, the International Securities Corporation of America. This trust at its last statement had assets of $69,000,000. It is owned by the Class A and Class B stock, which has sole voting power and which is sold for $8,625,269.75. This stock is bought by the first trust, American Founders. Thus, without any additional investment, the organizers of American Founders annex control of another $69,000,000.

This performance it repeats, forming in order the Second International Securities Corporation, United States and British International Company, Ltd., American and General Securities Corporation. Before it is through it has run the assets controlled through all these companies up to $261,480,449.68 without any additional investment by the organizers.

This process could be carried on indefinitely by adding subsidiaries to the American Founders or to its subsidiaries. But at this point the organizers hit upon a stroke of genius. Instead of organizing another subsidiary to be controlled by American Founders, why not begin now to add at the other end of the line—to form a holding company which, with a comparatively small sum, will take over the control of the American Founders? This is precisely what they do. They organize the United Founders Corporation. It buys 3,000,000 newly issued shares of American Founders common stock. This is not a majority. It is 35 percent of the whole amount and is what is called a controlling minority of the stock. Its value is about $10 a share, or not over $30,000,000. This practically cuts in half the amount needed to control American Founders.

United Founders, with this investment in American Founders, therefore has that control. But United Founders is a large company. At its start it has a capital of $128,700.000. It has also a curious capital structure:

1,000,000 Class A shares at $1 a share	$1,000,000
6,000,000 Class B shares at $21.50 a share	127,700,000

Why this strange disproportion between Class A and Class B stock in number and value? Well, to control the Class B stock would require $65,000,000. To mitigate this, the charter gives the Class B stocks a vote each. But it provides that the Class A stocks shall have "as a class" voting power "equal to one-third of the total votes appertaining to the outstanding stock of the corporation." The result of this is that each $1 Class A stockholder will have three times as much voting power as a $21.50 common stockholder. Thus, by owning one-fourth of the common stock, plus the Class A stock, the organizers will have complete dominion over the corporation. This will take only $32,000,000 instead of $65,000,000.

But the United Founders owns, or controls or manages, more than the American Founders. It has grown to be an immense concern dominating many powerful subsidiaries or allies. Its own assets are now $219,399,206. I give here a list of companies controlled either wholly or partially by the United Founders Corporation together with the assets of each company:

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American Founders group	$203,000,000
Investment Trust Associates	16,649,000
Hydro-Electric Securities	42,900,000
United National Corporation	27,600,000
Public Utility Holding Company	44,000,000
U. S. Electric Power Corporation	90,000,000
American & Continental	24,837,327
North and South American Corporation	10,000,000
Transoceanic Trust, Ltd.	5,250,000
U. S. and Overseas Corporation	21,860,714
Aeronautical Industries	2,177,000
Total	$488,274,041

Here is almost half a billion dollars in investments. It is in reality more, for these companies in turn control others so numerous that one can hardly follow the tangle. I do not know how much the managers have actually invested in United Founders. But an investment of $40,000,000 would be quite sufficient to enable them to hold control of this powerful and rich congeries of corporations involving twelve times as much in value.

I must not be understood as charging any dishonesty in this. The bankers have been merely taking advantage of the opportunities which the chaotic and uncontrolled investment-trust situation leaves open to them and which Wall Street believes to be a legitimate form of exploitation. Whether we ought to permit this thing in the interest of society as well as of the investing community is the point I raise here.

All the financial exploits of the investment trusts have been accomplished at the end of only a few years of experiments with this powerful new engine which these experts have hardly yet learned to operate. What will they be able to do when they understand it a little better?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Individuality in Our Day

The Sixth and Final Article in Professor Dewey's Series, "Individualism, Old and New"

IN THE present series of articles, I have attempted to portray the split between the idea of the individual inherited from the past and the realities of a situation that is becoming increasingly corporate. Some of the effects produced on living individuality by this division have been indicated in the preceding articles; and I have urged that individuality will again become integral and vital when it creates a frame for itself by accepting the scene in which it must perforce exist and develop. It is likely that many persons will regard my statement of the problem as a commonplace. Others will deplore my failure to offer a detailed solution and a definite picture of just what an individual would be like if he were in harmony with the realities of American civilization. Still others will think that a disease has been described as a remedy; that the articles are an indiscriminate praise of technological science and of a corporate industrial civilization; that they are an effort to boost upon the bandwagon those reluctant to climb.

I have attempted analysis, rather than either a condemnation of the evils of present society or a recommendation of fixed ends and ideals for their cure. For I think that serious minds are pretty well agreed as to evils and ideals—as long as both are taken in general terms. Condemnation is too often only a way of displaying superiority; it speaks from outside the scene; it discloses symptoms but not causes. It is impotent to produce; it can only reproduce its own kind. As for ideals, all agree that we want the good life, and that life involves freedom and a taste that is trained to appreciate the honorable, the true and the beautiful. But as long as we limit ourselves to generalities, the phrases that express ideals may be transferred from conservative to radical or vice versa, and nobody will be the wiser. For, without analysis, they do not descend to the real scene or to the generative conditions of realization.

There is danger in the reiteration of eternal verities and ultimate spiritualities. Our sense of the actual is dulled, and we are led to think that in dwelling upon ideal goals we have somehow transcended existing evils. Ideals express possibilities; but they are genuine ideals only in so far as they are possibilities of what is now moving. Imagination can set them free from their encumbrances and project them as a guide to our interest in what now exists. But, save as they are related to actuality, they are pictures in a dream.

I have, then, ventured to suppose that analysis of present conditions is of primary importance. Analysis of even a casual kind discloses that these conditions are not fixed. To accept them intellectually is to perceive that they are in flux. Their movement is not destined to a single end. Many outcomes may be projected, and the movement may by directed by many courses to many chosen goals, once conditions have been recognized for what they are. By becoming conscious of their movements and by active participation in their currents, we may guide them to some preferred possibility. In this participating interaction, individuals attain their integrated individuality. The individual who intelligently and actively partakes in a perception

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that is a first step in conscious choice is never so isolated as to be lost nor so quiescent as to be suppressed.

One of the main difficulties in understanding the present and apprehending its human possibilities is the persistence of stereotypes of spiritual life which were formed in old and alien cultures. In static societies—those which the industrial revolution has doomed—acquiescence had a meaning, and so had the projection of fixed ideals. Things were so relatively settled that there was something to acquiesce in, and goals and ideals could be imagined to be as fixed in their way as were existing conditions in theirs. But there are now no patterns sufficiently enduring to make possible anything stable in which to acquiesce, and there is no material out of which to frame final and all-inclusive ends. There is, on the other hand, such constant change that acquiescence is but a series of interrupted spasms, and the outcome is mere drifting. In such a situation, fixed and comprehensive goals are but irrelevant dreams.

Again, the machine is condemned wholesale because it is seen through the eyes of a spirituality that belonged to another state of culture. Present evil consequences are treated as if they were eternally necessary, because they cannot be made consistent with the ideals of another age. In reality, a machine age is a challenge to generate new conceptions of the ideal and the spiritual. Ferrero has said that machines "are the barbarians of modern times, which have destroyed the fairest works of ancient civilization." But even the barbarians were not immutably barbarous; they, too, were bearers of directive movement, and in time they wrought out a civilization which had its own measure of fairness and beauty.

Most attacks on the mechanistic character of science are caused by the survival of philosophies and religions formed when nature was the grim foe of man. The possibility of the present, and therefore its problem, is that through and by science, nature may become the friend and ally of man. I have rarely seen an attack on science as hostile to humanism which did not rest upon a conception of nature formed long before there was any science. It is not too much to say that wholesale condemnations of contemporary conditions have been produced, in all ages, by the idealization into eternal verities of just those things which contemporary life was dooming to extinction. The inevitable outcome is that the possibilities of the present are not perceived, and that its constructive potentialities remain unutilized.

It is silly to suppose that our present evils are caused by the application of science. We have not begun to assimilate its attitude and method into daily life. Even as things are, the element in them that best foreshadows a more humane age is to be discovered in science. For its attitude, wherever it is vital, looks forward to a time when all individuals may share in the discoveries and thoughts of others, to the liberation and enrichment of their own experience. For no scientific inquirer can keep what he finds to himself or turn it to merely private account without losing his scientific standing. Everything discovered belongs to the community of workers. Every new idea and theory has to be submitted to this community for confirmation and test. There is an expanding community of coöperative effort and of truth. It is true enough that these traits are now limited to small groups having a somewhat technical activity. But the existence of such groups reveals a possibility of the present—one of the many possibilities that are a challenge to expansion, and not a ground for retreat and contraction.

Suppose that what now happens in limited circles were extended and generalized. Would the outcome be oppression or emancipation? Inquiry is a challenge, not a passive conformity; application is a means of growth, not of repression. The general adoption of the scientific attitude in human affairs would mean nothing less than a revolutionary change in morals, religion, politics and industry. The fact that we have limited its use so largely to technical matters is not a reproach to science, but to the human beings who use it for private ends and strive to defeat its social application for fear of destructive effects upon their power and profit. A vision of a day in which the natural sciences and the technologies that flow from them are used as servants of a humane life would exhibit the sort of imagination that is relevant to our own time. A humanism that flees from science as an enemy denies the means by which a liberal humanism might become a reality.

The scientific attitude is experimental as well as intrinsically communicative. Incorporated into integrated individuals it would liberate us from the heavy burden imposed by dogmas and external standards. Experimental method is something other than the use of blow-pipes, retorts and reagents. It is the foe of every belief that permits habit and wont to dominate invention and discovery, and ready-made system to override verifiable fact. Constant revision is the work of experimental inquiry. By revision of knowledge and ideas, power to effect transformation is given us. This attitude, once incarnated in the individual mind, would find an operative outlet. If dogmas and institutions tremble when a new idea appears, this shiver is nothing to what would happen if the idea were armed with the means for the continuous discovery of new truth and the criticism of old belief. To "acquiesce" in science is dangerous only for those who would maintain affairs in the existing social order unchanged because of lazy habit or self-interest. For the scientific attitude demands faithfulness to what is discovered and steadfastness in adhering to new truth.

The "given" which science calls upon us to ac-

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cept is not fixed; it is in process. A chemist does not study the elements in order to bow down before them; ability to produce transformations is the outcome. It is said, and truly, that we are now oppressed by the weight of science. But why? Some allowance has to be made, of course, for the time it takes to learn the uses of new means and to appropriate their potentialities. When these means are as radically new as is experimental science, the time required is correspondingly long. But aside from this fact, the multiplication of means and materials is an increase of opportunities and purposes. It marks a release of individuality for affections and deeds more congenial to its own nature. Even the derided bathtub has its individual uses; an individual is not perforce degraded because he has the chance to keep himself clean. The radio will make for standardization and regimentation only as long as individuals refuse to exercise the selective reaction that is theirs. The enemy is not material commodities, but the lack of the will to use them as instruments for achieving preferred possibilities. Imagine a society free from pecuniary domination, and it becomes self-evident that material commodities are invitations to individual taste and choice, and occasions for individual growth. If human beings are not strong and steadfast enough to accept the invitation and take advantage of the proffered occasion, let us put the blame where it belongs.

There is at least this much truth in economic determinism. Industry is not outside of human life, but within it. The genteel tradition shuts its eyes to this fact; emotionally and intellectually it pushes industry and its material phase out into a region remote from human values. The rejection of economic forces merely leaves them in this mid-region, to operate as the instruments of those who employ them for inhuman ends. Exclusion of this sort is an accomplice of the forces that keep things in the saddle. It is thus itself an inhuman device, in the interest, indeed, not of pecuniary profit, but of private complacency and irresponsibility.

Moreover, every occupation leaves its impress on individual character and modifies the temper of life. This is as true of the fatuous occupations that treat science, art and religion as ends in themselves as it is of those which surrender to the materialistic implications of pecuniary industry. The choice is whether an occupation does its work blindly or under intelligent direction. Refusal to acknowledge actual conditions is a way of encouraging our occupations, whatever they may be, to operate fatally. Acceptance of science does not mean recognition of this and that curious fact; acceptance of the machine does not mean subjection to its present effects. Acceptance is the first stage in active choice and in endeavor for the realization of new possibilities.

We are largely preoccupied at present with the negative, the destructive, effect of science upon beliefs that custom has made dear. As long as we are unwilling to examine old standards and ideals, science will continue to wear that aspect. Take science (including its application to the machine) for what it is, and we shall begin to envisage it as a potential creator of new values and ends. We shall have an intimation, on a wide and generous scale, of the release, the increased initiative, independence and inventiveness, which science now brings in its own specialized fields to the individual scientist. It will be seen as a means of originality and individual variation. Even to those sciences which delight in calling themselves "pure," there is a significant lesson in the instinct that leads us to speak of Newton's and Einstein's law. Because the free working of mind is one of the greatest joys open to man, the scientific attitude, incorporated in individual mind, is something which adds enormously to one's enjoyment of existence. The mind that is hampered by fear lest something old and precious be destroyed is the mind that also experiences fear of science. He who has this fear cannot find reward and peace in the discovery of new truths and the projection of new ideals. He does not walk the earth freely, because he is obsessed by the need of protecting some private possession of belief and taste. For the love of private possessions is not confined to material goods.

It is a property of science to find its opportunities in problems, in questions. Since knowing is inquiring, perplexities and difficulties are the meat on which it thrives. The disparities and conflicts that give rise to problems are not something to be dreaded, something to be endured with whatever hardihood one can command; they are things to be grappled with. Each of us experiences these difficulties in the sphere of his personal relations, whether in his more immediate contacts or in the wider associations conventionally called "society." At present, personal frictions are one of the chief causes of suffering. I do not say all suffering would disappear with the incorporation of scientific method into individual disposition; but I do say that it is now immensely increased by our disinclination to treat these functions as problems to be dealt with intellectually. The distress that comes from being driven in upon ourselves would be largely relieved; it would in part be converted into the enjoyment that attends the free working of mind, if we took them as occasions for the exercise of thought, as problems having an objective direction and outlet.

We all experience, as I have said, the perplexities that arise in the intimacies of personal intercourse. The more remote relations of society also present their troubles. There is much talk of "social problems." But we rarely treat them as problems in the intellectual sense of that word. They are thought of as "evils" needing correction; as naughty or diabolic things to be "reformed." Our preoccupation with these ideas is proof of how far we are from taking the scientific attitude. I do not

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say that the attitude of the physician who regards his patient as a "beautiful case" is wholly ideal. But it is more wholesome and more promising than the persistence of the pre-scientific habit of anxious concern with evils and their reform. There are too many illustrations to permit of citation. But the current way of treating criminality and criminals is reminiscent of the way in which diseases were once thought of and dealt with. Here, as in the case of so many social difficulties, we shall make no headway until scientific inquiry and human sympathy have coalesced. Our pre-scientific conception of "evil" is probably the greatest barrier that exists to that real reform which is identical with constructive remaking.

Because science starts with questions and inquiries it is fatal to all social system-making and programs of fixed ends. In spite of the bankruptcy of past systems of belief, it is hard to surrender our faith in system and in some wholesale belief. We continually reason as if the difficulty were in the particular system that has failed and as if we were on the point of now finally hitting upon one that is true as all the others were false. The real trouble is with the attitude of dependence upon any of them. Scientific method would teach us to break up, to inquire definitely and with particularity, to seek solutions in the terms of concrete problems as they arise.

All of these considerations would lead to the conclusion that depression of the individual is the individual's own liability, were it not for the time it takes for a new principle to make its way deeply into individual mind on a large scale. But as time goes on, the responsibility becomes more an individual one. For individuality is inexpugnable and it is of its nature to assert itself. The first move in recovery of an integrated individual is accordingly with the individual himself. In whatever occupation he finds himself and whatever interest concerns him, he is himself and no other, and he lives in situations that are in some respect flexible and plastic.

We are given to thinking of society in large and vague ways. We should forget "society" and think of law, industry, religion, medicine, politics, art, education, philosophy—and think of them in the plural. For points of contact are not the same for any two persons, and hence the questions which the interests and occupations pose are never twice the same. There is no contact so immutable that it will not yield at some point. All these callings and concerns are the avenues through which the world acts upon us and we upon the world. There is no society at large, no business in general. Harmony with conditions is not a single and monotonous uniformity, but a diversified affair requiring individual attack.

Individuality is inexpugnable because it is a manner of distinctive sensitivity, selection, choice, response and utilization of conditions. For this reason, if for no other, it is impossible to develop integrated individuality by any all-embracing system or program. No individual can make the determination for anyone else; nor can he make it for himself all at once and forever. A native manner of selection gives direction and continuity, but definite expression is found in changing occasions and varied forms. The selective choice and use of conditions have to be continually made and remade. Since we live in a moving world and change with our interactions in it, every act produces a new perspective that demands a new exercise of preference. If, in the long run, an individual remains lost, it is because he has chosen irresponsibility; and if he remains wholly depressed it is because he has chosen the easy course of parasitism.

Acquiescence, in the sense of drifting, is not something to be achieved; it is something to be overcome, something that is "natural" in the sense of being easy. But it assumes a multitude of forms, and Rotarian applause for present conditions is only one of these. A different form of submission consists in abandoning the values of a new civilization for those of the past. To assume the uniform of some dead culture is only another means of regimentation. True integration is to be found in relevancy to the present, in active response to conditions as they present themselves, in the effort to make them over according to some consciously chosen possibility.

Individuality is at first spontaneous and unshaped; it is a potentiality, a capacity of development. Even so, it is a unique manner of acting in and with a world of objects and persons. It is not something complete in itself, like a closet in a house or a secret drawer in a desk, filled with treasures that are waiting to be bestowed on the world. Since individuality is a distinctive way of feeling the impacts of the world and of showing a preferential bias in response to these impacts, it develops into shape and form only through interaction with actual conditions; it is no more complete in itself than is a painter's tube of paint in relation to a canvas. The work of art is the truly individual thing; and it is the result of the interaction of paint and canvas through the medium of the artist's distinctive vision and power. In its determination, the potential individuality of the artist takes on visible and enduring form. The imposition of individuality as something made in advance always gives evidence of a mannerism, not of a manner. For the latter is something original and creative; something formed in the very process of creation.

The future is always unpredictable. Ideals, including that of a new and effective individuality, must themselves be framed out of the possibilities of existing conditions, even if these be the conditions that constitute a corporate and industrial age. The ideals take shape and gain a content as they operate in remaking conditions. We may, in order to have continuity of direction, plan a program of

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action in anticipation of occasions as they emerge. But a program of ends and ideals implies both a fixed world and a static individual. It implies that we can prophesy the future—an attempt which terminates, as someone said, in prophesying the past or in its reduplication.

The same Emerson who said that "society is everywhere in conspiracy against its members" also said, and in the same essay, "accept the place the divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events." Now, when events are taken in disconnection and considered apart from the interactions due to the selecting individual, they conspire against individuality. So does society when it is accepted as something already fixed in institutions. But "the connection of events," and "the society of your contemporaries" as formed of moving and multiple associations, are the only means by which the possibilities of individuality can be realized.

Psychiatrists have shown how many disruptions and dissipations of the individual are due to his withdrawal from reality into a merely inner world. There are, however, many subtle forms of retreat, some of which are erected into systems of philosophy and are glorified in current literature. "It is in vain," said Emerson, "that we look for genius to reiterate its miracles in the old arts; it is its instinct to find beauty and holiness in new and necessary facts, in the field and roadside, in the shop and mill." To gain an integrated individuality, each of us needs to cultivate his own garden. But there is no fence about this garden: it is no sharply marked-off enclosure. Our garden is the world, at the angle in which it touches our own manner of being. By accepting the corporate and industrial world in which we live, and thus by fulfilling the pre-condition for interaction with it, we, who are also parts of the moving present, create ourselves as we create an unknown future.

JOHN DEWEY.

Dirty Hands

A Federal Customs Officer Looks at Art

HE WAS a small man, not running much over five feet five, but I was physically very much aware of him. He gave off a confusion of qualities which would have put a dog in ecstasies but which can only puzzle a man. His hair was of that slick black kind—combed like a boy's on the side and a little ragged at the extremities—that strongly suggests baldness underneath. Forehead and chin were vertically cleft along the line of a rather flat nose and contrasted with a wide, tight, succulently red mouth. A floppy black windsor tie dragged on his chest. He wore no coat. A vest buttoned once at the bottom enclosed a yellow and green plaid shirt and supported a mildly straining belly. The pants were dark, wrinkled at the crotch and baggy at the knees. I did not much notice his hands at the time, but I recall that they were muscular and very hairy, and that the left one incongruously exposed a large signet ring. Altogether, I could not keep my eyes off him.

Nor could I have done so in any wise while I remembered his office. He was, this small man, censor of printed matter for an eastern port. As I had had the most excellent reasons to know during my years in the book business, his authority was practically supreme, his opinions irreversible, and his taste above impeachment. It was this authority which had brought me to his office. He was representing, for me, the benevolent side of bureaucracy, for he had agreed to return a certain book to England instead of confiscating it. I was representing my old employer, who was too busy that morning to come in himself. I had brought with me, by the censor's instructions, string, paper, corrugated cardboard, and an addressed label: these the government does not furnish those it favors.

Our initial contact was pleasant. He had the book on his desk, all ready for me, and very agreeably got me some sealing wax and glue. While I was doing up the bundle and burning my fingers on the melting wax, I reflected on the innocuous character of the book in question. It was a volume in a series called "The Art of Eastern Love." The series was mostly composed of translation and paraphrase of various Indian texts, and circulated, I knew, freely enough in England. I wondered if perhaps it had not been banned largely on account of its inflammatory title; so I asked him what he found wrong with it. He was eager to talk.

"It's too blasé," he said; and for the rest of the time I was there I had nothing to do but prompt him occasionally. He had the great merit of believing, in his own way, in the dignity of his job and in his own qualifications therefor. "It's too blasé," he repeated. "It's not as bad as some; it's not nearly so bad as a good many. I thought it was dull, myself. But it treats a sacred subject in a blasé way, and nothing like that can get by me. You ought to see the stuff that comes in here. You ought to have the opportunity to see the vile, filthy stuff that comes in here. There's no doubt about it, it's filthy. I read it all and I know. But," he said, drawing himself up a little and raising his voice, "none of it gets by me. The kind of books you fellows get, I mean the ones you don't get, are

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sweet and virtuous beside the ones I'm thinking of. You can't imagine the vile stuff they try and get in."

I said I thought I could imagine very well, and asked him if he had ever felt that so much contact with filth had not perhaps injured him a little. Had he ever felt the beginning of corruption? He looked at me sharply, then spoke softly. "Listen," he said. "I'm speaking in my official capacity. As a human being it's different. As a human being I get a big kick out of some of those books. I get a thrill. I'm not any different from the next man." He paused, with a reminiscent illumination on his face. "I been here at this job six years now. I used to hit the high spots. I suppose I've read more dirty books than any man in New England, and I could make the biggest collection of erotica in this country if I wanted to. Why, in the last two years I've seized 272 different titles—thousands of volumes—and I've read them all."

Then, with a genuinely persuasive pathos, he went on. "If everybody was like you and me everything would be all right; that is, it would if we could keep things to ourselves. But you know how it is. You'd do it yourself. I do it myself. As a human being I get a pretty big thrill out of this stuff. I read a dirty book and if it's any good I get a kick. But what do I do? Do I keep it to myself? No. I pick out the juicy spots and tell my friends about them. I hand it around and circulate it. It's only natural. You'd do the same. The same with a dirty picture. If it's got its good points, it's real hot, you want to show it off. Of course you do. Everybody does. I do it myself. And that's just where the trouble comes in. You know and I know that sort of thing can't go on. That sort of stuff gets into the hands of young boys and girls—and what happens? They're too innocent and too immature to handle it the way you and I do, so their minds get polluted. Why sometimes . . ." He paused; his eyes beaded and glistened. "Why, sometimes it's the contact of innocence with this filthy stuff that sinks a boy into foul habits for a lifetime. Naturally the government steps in here; and that's my job. I don't let anything get by me if I can help it. I act in my official capacity and there's an end to it. But I just wanted you to know I'm a human being.

"Of course," he went on—and somehow the more he talked the more rasping his voice seemed—"there's books and books. I don't see anything wrong, personally, with a book like Balzac's 'Droll Stories.' Those are what you might call snappy stories, that's all. I don't mind them, and mostly I let them get by, especially if they're going to a reputable house. There's some editions that are illustrated, though, and the pictures are too hot. They make a raw book out of it. That makes a difference, and I have to call a halt there. And Straponola, there's nothing wrong with that. 'Droll Stories' and Straponola, those are just snappy stories, and that's all—that is, the best of them. I wish they were all like that."

The gesture was not mightily convincing and had a small air of oratory. I said he must have some difficulty in deciding whether or not to confiscate a particular book. He answered with surprising confidence.

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, I find it easier all the time. It's much easier now than it used to be. You see, well," he said, and then, with that pleased look people wear when proposing conundrums, he asked if I were married, and after my negative he went on: "Well, I am, and that makes a big difference. You'd be surprised. I've been married quite a while now, and the work gets easier all the time. You'll find out what I mean when you get married yourself. I mean you'll be able to decide things like this much better. Why, before I was married, sometimes I'd go easy on the stuff. But marriage makes a big difference. You learn what things are and what they aren't."

I missed the point and inquired if he might not be more explicit. How exactly did his domestic economy affect his judgment of books? How exactly would he decide upon a book in any given instance? It would seem to me, I said, very difficult to devise a system which would apply to more than one book—books being so very different among themselves and serving such contradictory purposes. In any event I admired his courage.

He took me up quickly, gleefully, with that assurance which substitutes in public life for spontaneity as well as for the more intellectual virtues. "It's easy," said he, "and takes no courage. I just figure out whether I can read the book aloud in mixed company. If I can, it gets by; if I can't, it don't, and that's all. You don't need to go any further."

I could not help imagining this small, energetic man in the middle of a great mixed circle of spinster aunts and avuncular beards—all on squeaky wooden benches—reading aloud from, say, the "Ulysses" of James Joyce. So satisfying was this image that I very nearly kept the peace; but I did offer a trifling suggestion on the ground that some books were what was called literature.

"Literature!" he said, and in his mouth it was an expletive of magnificent proportions, an exhaustive, bursting flatulence. "Literature! Don't speak to me about literature. Or classics." I have not heard a word sound more thoroughly obscene than this simple, if controversial, word "classics." He went on: "Yes, I know. People come in here and they call up and they write letters and try and tell me a thing is literature. I know the argument." He put on a finicky tone. " 'You can't suppress this book because it is part of our classic heritage. . . .' That's tripe. Why, I've had people come in here and tell me that Aristophanes' 'Lysistrata' is a classic. It's a treatise on pederasty. Pederasty." He spat the word at me.

I said I thought the play was a little more than that. "No," he said shortly, "that's all it is: pederasty. But I've had worse books than that called classics. Books you never even heard of. Do you

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know what a classic is? No. Well, I'll tell you. And it's straight. A classic is a dirty book somebody is trying to get by me.

"And as for literature. I'm a student of literature myself. I enjoy good literature, and when I was younger I took a course in comparative literature myself. So you see, I know what I'm talking about. And if somebody don't like what I say, why they can take it to the Secretary of the Treasury, and maybe, by the time they get through, they'll learn better."

At this point I reminded him that a few months previously "Candide" had been refused entry, and that later the ban had been raised. Indignant innocence—or was it hurt pride?—raised a husky voice.

"Some swell banker friend of Mellon's put up a howl. That's why that's that. But it don't happen often. There's very few times I get overruled, very few times. I can count them. But about 'Candide,' I'll tell you. For years we've been letting that book get by. There were so many different editions, all sizes and kinds, some illustrated and some plain, that we figured the book must be all right. Then one of us happened to read it. It's a filthy book, and I think the ruling ought to have been upheld. And it would have been if that banker fellow hadn't got into it."

As light-heartedly as I could, I mentioned to him the vote taken in the Senate at the instance of the Senator from New Mexico, and suggested that if the action were sustained he might shortly be out of a job, as the censorship of books on the ground of obscenity would then be altogether removed from the tariff.

He was very confident on this matter. "It won't go through. If the Senate doesn't reverse itself, the House will take care of it. The Senate just wasn't thinking what it was about. If that got through everything would be upset and we wouldn't know where we were at. I said so myself to my own Senator. On Armistice Day after his speech, I went up to him and I said, 'Bill, did you know what you were voting for when you voted to amend that book section in the tariff?' He looked at me kind of funny. Then he smiled and said no, he guessed he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll tell you. You voted to overturn the whole machinery of government. You voted to change the whole procedure of the courts.' I don't think he'll vote the same the next time it comes up."

There was one question I had been very much wanting to ask him, but had been afraid of the answer the oracle might give. He seemed in such a pleasant mood after the story about Senator Bill that I thought I might risk it, at least in a declarative form. So I described my experience over a term of five years in the book business with the demand for such books as his office had refused entry. Bankers, lawyers, scholars, men both socially and professionally reputable, I said, almost exclusively made up the list of customers. Much better men, I said, than either he or I, as I was sure he would admit. Should not their taste and knowledge, their position and reputation, be given some consideration in matters of this kind? Why should we except their judgment on this point alone?

He was ready for me. My verbosity had but let him gather breath. "That's just where you find the dirtiest minds, in the men higher up. I know. When I was younger, I used to hit the high spots. I used to go all round. I've seen all kinds of people. And I never saw a workingman, anyone who worked for a living, who was a pervert. It was all the other kind, men higher up, wealthy men, bankers and lawyers. You work for a living and you'll be all right. I know. I tell you I've seen them all. The wealthy class is full of perverts. Look at me," he cried, shoving his hands in my face. "Did you ever see a pervert with dirty hands? Did you?"

I looked quickly down and made sure mine were gloved; else I had been suspect. Again he said it, with a ferocious intonation. "Did you ever see a pervert with dirty hands?"

Though we could not agree on this point, we parted amicably. As I walked up the street I looked into the windows and wondered. And I also wondered whether it was because Utah is so far from any customs office that Senator Smoot is enabled to speak so righteously of censorship in the tariff.

PERRY HOBBS.

I'll Take an Apple

ANY dessert?" says the doll-faced waitress in the coffee shop, letting her eyes dream visibly over last night's diversions or next year's.

"An apple," I say.

"I beg your pardon," she says, startled into momentary attentiveness.

"I want an apple," I repeat.

"To eat?" she asks, parting her freshly painted lips in an incredulous smile.

"Yes," I say, determined to be calm, "an apple to eat."

At this her smile becomes a broad grin, or, in some cases, frank girlish laughter of the sort that is supposed to enchant the listener.

"A *raw* apple?" she titters, convinced at last that she has heard aright, but generously giving me an opportunity to recant while there is yet time.

This dialogue has taken place with remarkable frequency ever since, for my sins, I began a lecture tour of these United States. There are very few variants. In most of the hotels there is a large, expensive dining room with a noisy orchestra, and a smaller, less expensive coffee shop with a noisy clientele. If I happen to have gone to the dining room instead of the coffee shop, I may chance to get a foreign waiter (generally German) who has heard of the function of the apple in alimentation. Otherwise there is no escaping it: I cannot get an apple to eat at dinner in my native land without

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being subjected to a questionnaire which throws me into a fit of nervous rage. I am thinking of having some large cards printed with the single words, "A RAW apple, please," for use on these dreaming, ecstatic waitresses. Then, if I stop up my ears securely and hand out a card every time the waitress of the day is seen to open her mouth, I may in time obtain apples with the minimum of wear and tear on my nervous system and hers.

There would not be so much dependent upon this question of apples if there were anything else to eat. But the melancholy fact is that there is nothing else. The desserts are all made of paste, either too quickly frozen (in individual lumps) or one-quarter baked, bedizened in colored syrups and ices and folderols, the whole masquerading under some such name as Clara Bow Marshallow Nut. And at the end of a meal which has left me longing for food, I am not one to look kindly upon a Clara Bow Marshmallow Nut.

This tour has constituted my first comprehensive view of this country of ours, and never before have I felt such sympathy with the visiting foreigner. Much of that peevishness which has been perceptible in the comments of our visitors from abroad has been due, I feel sure, to disappointment of the stomach and palate. Nobody who is accustomed to considering good food as an essential element in civilized life could go through a tour of these States without getting peevish. When you consider that in all the vast steppe between Chicago and San Francisco the only existing winter vegetable is the potato; when you add to this the fact that American lettuce, whether by mass production or by refrigeration, has come to have the taste and consistency of a new baseball; and when you contemplate the appalling uniformity of the menu cards from coast to coast, you cease to wonder at any irritability of the harassed foreigner. Condemned, as he is, to eat tasteless provender in overheated hotels or trains, with nothing to drink at table but remorselessly iced water, the European is not likely to take a jovial view of his surroundings. The surprising thing is that he is not franker in his statement of the case.

Before I began this lecture tour I had been for nearly ten years a traveler in foreign parts. I had "gone native," so far as food was concerned, for months on end in such places as Honan, Shansi, the Rif, Catalonia and Sicily, none of which is supposed to be inhabited by "clean" people in the American sense. That is, the inhabitants of these countries do not use forceps or disinfectants in cooking. But however "unsanitary" their food, it always had taste; the various dishes could easily be distinguished one from the other with the eyes closed, and they were generally good. The public food of the United States seems to me to be not only beneath the level of the public food in civilized societies, but even below that of the so-called "backward" peoples who have no Hoover and no Ford to guide them. I am not speaking here of the supreme triumphs of civilized cooking, such as are to be experienced in Paris, Peking, and sometimes Vienna. Nor do I mean to establish a contrast between the food in private houses here and elsewhere: the food in private houses, in America as in France or China, is as good or as bad as the host and his cook may make it. The contrast which has startled me is that between the public food of this country and the public food of any other I know in Europe or Asia.

At first I wondered why the whole business of eating was conducted so barbarously in these American hotels and restaurants; why so much food was piled on the table at once, higgledy-piggledy, meat and vegetables and salad in a rush; why it was necessary, in so many cases, to have a jazz band or an iron-lunged radio with the repast; why the sheer savagery of the desserts had to be so ingenuously emphasized by such names as Clara Bow Marshmallow Nut. All of these puzzles were solved as I progressed from New York to California and back: the reason for the rush and noise and vulgarity of the meals, it was clear, lay in the food itself. If the food were good, people would enjoy it; they would eat it slowly and peacefully, as food was meant to be eaten, for taste and for satisfaction. Since the food is almost completely tasteless, these pleasures are impossible, and an atmosphere is created in which the distractions of noise and haste and crude, childish fantasy act as anodynes. No pursuit (unless it is fishing) is by nature so conducive to placid thought as the consumption of a good meal. But the good meal, the placid thought which enfolds it, the ruminant genial tolerating warmth which come out of it, are alike impossible in most American hotels and restaurants in the travelers' path. The practice of refrigerating meat and vegetables; the institution of the jazz band; the insistence upon haste in production of the food ordered—all this would ruin the dinner if Escoffier himself were in the kitchen. Good cooking—even cooking by a great master—would not save the ordinary American meal now. It is too late. What is needed is a revision of the whole philosophy of the consumption of food. Since this philosophy is indubitably a part of the much more complex growth called culture, it cannot be revised until such organic changes have taken place as will revolutionize the folkways and *mores* themselves. And conversely, no advance in American culture can have permanent validity unless it involves or brings about a more humane attitude toward the process of eating food.

This might seem to put it off indefinitely. Yet we know that Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, very nearly starved to death on her first two visits to the United States, but professed herself to be pleased by the progress which had been made in the preparation of food when she was last here. It is clear that the food of the 1880's must, therefore, have been even worse than the food of 1930. And we also know that organic changes in culture do take

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place constantly; it is only when they are completed that we become aware of them. For example, when I left the United States nigh on to ten years ago, there were only four important symphony orchestras in the country. Now there appears to be a good resident orchestra in almost every large city. Even Los Angeles—a city in which it is impossible to walk across the lobby of a fashionable hotel without getting chewing gum on one's shoes—now possesses a symphony orchestra. The progress in music in these ten years is, at least by superficial evidence, very remarkable; there are not only more orchestras, but they play better programs and they receive support from a comprehensive part of the public. A good deal of this, in so far as the financing of the orchestras is concerned, may be due to the mere orgulous tribal assertiveness of the local nabobs; but it has taken place, nevertheless. If some of the same energy of "civic pride" could be harnessed to the service of good food, it might even be possible to have endowed restaurants in some of the more stricken areas, such as Idaho or North Dakota. The Japanese government, ever solicitous for the good opinion of the foreigner, has endowed for him that marvelous Imperial Hotel in Tokyo; and what the Japanese government can do is surely not beyond the power of the innumerable organizations which flourish everywhere in this country.

There must be a number of good restaurants in the United States. Common sense assures us that they cannot all be in New York. But to find a good restaurant in any city requires special knowledge of a sort which it is not easy to acquire or even impart. The difficulty probably arises from the word "good," which starts such profuse and various associations of ideas in different minds. Again and again I have asked earnestly to be directed to a good restaurant where I could eat a meal in peace—only to come, in the end, after following directions faithfully, to the same old menu and the same jazz band. The intellectual and emotional exaltation which accompanies the unaided discovery of a good restaurant is therefore keener in America than it is elsewhere, because it is infinitely rarer. When, after two days of semi-starvation, I found the Victor Hugo Restaurant in Los Angeles, no peak in Darien could have supported my excitement. A restaurant, and a friend or two in those exquisite Mediterranean hills called Hollywood, were enough to sublimate the experience of California's chewing-gum-and-cafeteria civilization. But such discoveries are seldom made on the wing, and this form of violent propulsion from place to place limits one's opportunities for exploration. Moreover, the foreigner (even if he is English) is still further handicapped by imperfect comprehension of the language. I feel, therefore, in a position to understand the true inwardness of the visiting European's attitude toward these States. He has asked for vegetables and has been given a potato. He has had a Clara Bow Marshmallow Nut palmed off on him. He has starved to the throbbing of a jazz band in a hundred hotels and restaurants where apples are called *raw* apples and are not supposed to be eaten anyway. His comments on our national existence may be true or untrue, but I think I know at least why they are so often couched in the querulous terms of offense: the poor man is hungry.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

Washington Notes

FROM the Washington angle, the two most interesting things in the immediate future are the action of the Great Engineer in the White House on the Grundy-Smoot general-revision tariff bill when it finally comes to him, and the extraordinary situation in his Cabinet created by the candidacy for the Republican senatorial nomination in Pennsylvania of his Secretary of Labor. The latter problem may be settled—and I think it will be—before this piece is printed. I touched lightly upon the Hoover tariff action last week. Since then a little light has been thrown upon the presidential mind. There is some perturbation among the White House satellites over the situation, but the best informed among them at this time are convinced that the bill will be signed if the flexible provision is restored by the conference committee, and vetoed if it is not. The flexible provision, they argue, is the way out, and such White House pressure as can be exerted to obtain it will be used. If this is a correct reflection of Mr. Hoover's mind, the thing seems simple enough to me. It is true that Mr. Grundy, the master mechanic who wrecked the Progressive-Democratic alliance and patched up the broken-down Old Guard machine, is opposed "on principle" to the flexible provision. It gives the executive, he thinks, a power to lower rates dangerous for the executive to have. Particularly he thinks it dangerous for an executive with the heretical idea of Herbert Hoover that limited revision is to be preferred over general revision upward.

However, inasmuch as this is Mr. Grundy's bill and has in it a great many rate increases desired by Mr. Grundy and his Pennsylvania industrial friends, Mr. Grundy would be greatly grieved to see it fail at the last minute. That, in fact, would seem a calamity to Mr. Grundy, to avert which he would make almost any sacrifice. Under these circumstances, it seems to me, all that Mr. Hoover has to do is to convince Mr. Grundy that if the flexible provision is not restored, the bill will be killed by presidential veto. The way to convince Mr. Grundy of this is to tell it to him—not send him word by the righteous but sometimes inept Mr. Newton, or through the amiable and engaging Watson or the well intentioned and devoted Allen. To none of these would the unamiable Grundy pay much attention. He would attend if told by Herbert directly. It seems to me that this is a case for the direct method, and that if the President feels that the flexible provision is essential to his approval of the bill, he can get it by adopting that method, though it is foreign to his custom and not congenial to his taste. The idea is that

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with the flexible provision Mr. Hoover can sign the bill on the ground that though the rates are not satisfactory and the bill is so unscientific and awkward, yet in view of the power given him to adjust rates, it is better for him to sign than to nullify a year's work of Congress, unsettle industry and disappoint the farmers on whose products the principal increases have been made. I am unable to say whether this idea of Mr. Hoover's view is correct, but it sounds plausible and I think it is. And if so, he can certainly bring about the condition sought by talking turkey to the boss—to wit, Grundy. But how he will hate doing it!

As to the Cabinet situation, at this time it is the evident desire of Mr. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, to wage his primary battle against Mr. Grundy from the vantage point of a Cabinet member. From the Davis angle the desirability of this is clear. It would make him the administration candidate, put Mr. Hoover definitely on his side, retain for him the prestige of his position. A few days ago, in a statement denying the rumor that he was to resign, Mr. Davis said in effect that the rumor was unfounded. Further, he said it was unfair to Mr. Hoover and had been started for the purpose of damaging the President. The state of mind into which this amazing piece of effrontery threw the secretariat and the Medicine Ball boys was amusing. They could scarcely restrain their indignation. Privately they fumed at the sheer cheek of the thing. Here, they pointed out, is a bird who is in the Cabinet only by default, who distinctly understood that he was to remain only a year, and that he would not have been reappointed had the jealousies among the labor leaders not made his retention for a time the convenient thing to do.

What makes the inner circle particularly resentful is the intimation he throws out that in refraining from resigning he is not only protecting Mr. Hoover from harm, but is following the illustrious example of that gentleman, who remained in the Coolidge Cabinet until after he was nominated. Of course, the fact about that was that Mr. Hoover asked Mr. Coolidge if his holding on was embarrassing to the administration, and offered to get out. The solemn Calvin disclaimed any embarrassment and sent word to stay. Also, Mr. Hoover, as his boys point out, did not leave his job for a day, gave out no interviews or statements and made no speeches. This is contrasted with the behavior of Mr. Davis, who has not asked whether his continued presence in the Cabinet is embarrassing to the President, has not offered to resign, has already issued statements and given out political interviews with himself, and is preparing to wage a whirlwind stump campaign all over the state, with the idea of inflaming the common people to revolt against the Mellon-Grundy combination. When to this you add the fact that Mr. Mellon is also a member of the Cabinet, the administration embarrassment is obvious. Also, the impropriety and bad taste of Mr. Davis are so obvious that they need not be discussed. He has given a fine demonstration of himself, and produced a situation that the patient Herbert will not tolerate many days. Of that I am sure. For one thing, he has no desire to affront the gentle but not unresentful Andrew. To permit Davis to sit with Mellon at the Cabinet table while assaulting him in the state would be an affront which in self-respect he could not swallow. In addition, the one thing Hoover wants to do is to keep out of primary contests in his party—on that point he is entirely clear—but Davis in the dual role of Cabinet officer and candidate puts him in. Such participation would make of Mr. Grundy, who is a vindictive old gentleman, a furious and relentless enemy for the balance of his life, regardless of whether he wins or loses. And finally, Hoover has no taste personally for Davis and can get a better man—in fact, he has one in sight. So, I am convinced, it is merely a matter of days before Mr. Davis creates the first Hoover Cabinet vacancy by retiring. If he does not see what is coming and voluntarily resign, he will certainly be asked to. My guess is he will be out before this is printed, or very shortly thereafter.

Washington. T. R. B.

Neo-Classicism and Paul Hindemith

THE best defined movement in contemporary music is still the neo-classical. Others are perceptible; none is so conspicuous. It has recruited a formidable following in several parts, including some of the most sensational and considerable of living talents. The leading Parisian neo-classicist, Stravinsky, is unquestionably the most ingenious of active composers. The English neo-classic constituency brings refreshing verve in the figures of the gay Lord Berners and William Turner Walton; the Italian, typical mercuriality in those of Rieti and Casella; the American, sense of style and material in Roger Sessions. Headed by Prokofieff, the Russian delegation marshals distinguished craftsmanship. In Paul Hindemith, Germany has endowed the movement with the most energetic impulse coupled to music during the War or since its conclusion.

The cosmopolitanism of the band is not accidental. Neo-classicism is an international—in any case, anti-nationalistic—tendency. It has effectively superseded the older, zealotic movements, affirming the ideal of a music catholic in style and expression in place of one encouraging a music based on folksong and the idiom of individual lands. That one of its chief adherents should originally have gained fame with "Pictures of Pagan Russia"; and another with a piece called "Italia"; and that a third should have been given patriotic recognition as the pure German composer of pure German, Brahmsian, Pfitznerish sonatas and quartets, is no doubt ironical. But not only ward politics make strange bedfellows; and the motive of neo-classic music is manifestly bound up with economic interests; or they with it. There is much besides an exclusively esthetic reason for the movement's persistent attempts to vary the form and content of classical, eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century music. The archaism of the group is a reference to the common antiquities of western musical culture. Their interest in jazz is similarly consequent. Jazz is the product of the cosmopolitan populations.

The catholic, international motive is at the base of the equally typical contrapuntalism. Counterpoint tends to generalize the specifically expressive; and the group's insistence on it unquestionably flows from an aversion to the

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"individual" or "personal" expressions allied to nationalism. So, too, its attraction to forms such as passacaglias, fugues, double fugues and canons. Circumscribed and readily supervisible, they appear suitable to an abstract idiom, placing as they do a distance like objectivity's between the composer and his work.

The elimination of explosions of feeling and ostentatious melodic invention from neo-classic music, the choice of sober and *buffo* stuffs and effects, and uniform, almost ascetically spare qualities of sonority and rhythm, are similarly determined. The commonplace, light, quotidian subjects close the door upon the expression of the deep-seated, the rootfast, the irrational elements of personality so close to the tribal instincts. The habit of a certain dryness and formality makes, or appears to make, for externality and impersonality.

What gives neo-classicism its impressiveness is not a little the adhesion of Hindemith. Stravinsky remains the leading musician in the erudite movement. Several of the other members show potentialities of the greatest interest. But it is some time now since Stravinsky's work has been revelatory; and of all the remaining neo-classicists, it is the energetic Hindemith who imposes most. Like many another, he has been indebted to his chief for intensification of a certain sort of hard-boiled consciousness. In lifting the curtain on the music-making figuring in "Renard," "L'Histoire d'un Soldat" and the "Symphonies for Wind Instruments," the Armistice undoubtedly helped bring the young German to himself. Recently, the harmonic foundation of Hindemith's "Neues vom Tage" followed somewhat abruptly on that of "Œdipus Rex." Still, Hindemith is anything but a follower like Casella, who usually tags a Stravinsky piece for four instruments in five movements, say, with one for five instruments in six movements. Hindemith has his own initiative.

While a polyphonic-contrapuntal style has been adopted by his entire group, Hindemith's method developed logically and with Teutonic thoroughness. His music is more persistently polytonal than Stravinsky's, and more uncompromisingly polyphonic. Voice and piano in his songs are usually two independent contrapuntal parts, running each in its own key. Aversion from literary or ideological music has led him to the point of writing an *opera seria,* "Cardillac," and an *opera buffa,* "Neues vom Tage," filled with starkly undramatic music. The different scenes in "Cardillac" are conceived as independent fugues, canons and passacaglias; and in both works the action is frequently interrupted, as in the old music-operas, by set numbers, duets, sextets and other concerted pieces.

Two of Hindemith's works, the exalted song cycle "Das Marienleben" on poems by Rilke, and the charming little concerto for orchestra, stand unchallenged among the few complete, distinguished pieces written by living composers. His entire work is remarkable for its rhythmic suite, its go, and its interesting development of frequently unprepossessing themes. Hindemith's idiom is robust, his expression terse and concentrated. His instrumentation, particularly his viola writing, is extraordinarily idiomatic; and while he strives for uniformity of coloring, he employs a palette anything but monotonous. During the recent performance of his concerto for organ, wind orchestra and celli and bassi, New York had a wonderful opportunity for delighting in his sense of timbre. The orchestration approximated and blent the sounds of the solo and accompanying instruments with an amazing felicity.

It is even probable that the present pervasion of neo-classicism in musical circles is largely due to Hindemith. While Stravinsky's work retains a greater interest for the creative musician, Hindemith's has more immediate persuasion with the run of performers, the string quartet and solo players. This has enabled him to act as intermediary with them and their many audiences. The cause is unfortunately not to Hindemith's credit. Together with his radical tonic schemes and relentless contrapuntalism, a strain of conventionality runs through his music. His periodic structure verges on the hackneyed. His ideas are frequently insignificant and reminiscent of Bach and other composers of the baroque. And the musical profession, alas, is ever shy of the fresh and the necessary.

These are not abundant in neo-classic music. Hindemith remains typical of his movement in every way; and the bulk of his figure, the interest of his art, is somehow proportionate to the bulk and impressiveness of the group's. By virtue of his energy, the momentum and color of many remarkable pages in his music and the solidity of works such as "Das Marienleben" and the concerto for orchestra, Hindemith has a place in the musical order. So has neo-classicism. Scarcely a front one, as yet. The whole movement, including the later Stravinsky, is deficient in sheer musical pulsion, and overburdened with doctrine and its special form of "literature." While it remains the most conspicuous of contemporary tendencies, and still has no close rivals, it has not succeeded in keeping music the burning matter it was two decades since. It appears to lack the authority of a large spirit. This explains its archaicizing formalism. Impelled toward a new catholic form, and unable to find one, it has attempted to fit itself into old patterns, and made objectivity an end in itself.

Perhaps, in growing stronger, the movement will eventually develop a form of its own. Perhaps a new universal music is being speeded by its struggles. Whether neo-classicism will find its mold, and whether it will directly affect the music of tomorrow remains for the future to show. To date, the movement feels episodic, transitional. One waits with a certain impatience for the resumption of another tradition.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Implementing the Kellogg Pact

SIR: Clearly the Kellogg Pact must be implemented if it is not to dwindle away into futile scoldings. It is worth vitalizing because the United States is a party to it, and the simplest procedure is the best. Let our government propose a supplementary agreement, binding the signatories to convene diplomatic representatives at Berne, the Hague, or elsewhere, at any time on the call of any signatory, or say, any original signatory. These representatives would thus constitute a council, prepared at all times to deal with any international difference that might be thought to endanger peace. That and no more; except that records of the proceedings and of their success or failure would be kept for future guidance, for the establishment of precedents, and the general development of a corporate mind. The whole procedure would not bind any nation to anything except by its own free choice. But natural though it would be, it would with time de-

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velop extraordinary power. It is thus, substantially, that the common law, the greatest, it may be, of human institutions, grew up with wholesome slowness.

It has seemed reasonably clear from the beginning that the founders of the League of Nations would have been better advised if they had established such a simple council in place of the League with its too legalistic covenant, that contains provisions to which cavilers so easily object. Such a council even Senator Lodge could not have opposed, certainly not successfully.

As to the familiar test, would such a council have averted the Great War? No man can be sure. But it probably would have done so. A similar meeting of representatives, even without the Kellogg Pact, is what Sir Edward Grey tried in vain to bring about. It was his great hope for preventing war, and many believe that the hope would not have been disappointed. It is history that the Central Powers would not risk complying. Had the council existed, Grey would have called a meeting, and Germany and Austria would have been pledged to attend it. To have stayed away or to have sat mute would have been too revealing.

Once present, there are always potent private meetings. Would such a council prevent future wars? Possibly not all petty wars among minor nations, with unawakened public opinion and little prestige to lose. But it would have a good chance of preventing wars between enlightened powers jealous of their prestige and with awakened peoples controlling foreign affairs.

SIDNEY EDWARD MEZES,
Director of the U. S. Territorial Section,
Tucson, Ariz. Paris Peace Conference.

Unemployment Figures for Illinois

SIR: May I call your attention to an error in your article "Exploiting the Unemployed," in The New Republic of March 12? The number of applicants for every hundred jobs in Illinois at the State free employment offices was 257 in January, 1930, as you say; but the figures for January, 1921, and January, 1927, were 274 and 215, respectively, not 218 and 174, as given in your article.

Chicago, Ill. HOWARD B. MYERS.

[The figures for 1921 and 1927 quoted in our editorial were averages for the entire years concerned, not for the month of January. In view of seasonal changes, it may be more enlightening to compare identical months. In this case, the monthly comparison shows employment conditions in Illinois to have been slightly worse at the beginning of 1921 than this year.—THE EDITORS.]

Shall We Stop "Helping" Latin America?

SIR: Senator Wheeler has introduced a bill (S. 2767) to repeal the act which authorizes the President to detail officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps to assist the governments of the Latin American republics in military and naval matters.

That this bill will be extremely important is obvious, for we now have military missions in at least five Latin American countries and approximation thereto in more. So important is this bill considered that not only has John Dewey, as president of the People's Lobby, sponsored it, but the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Friends' Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the League for Industrial Democracy, the Arbitrator, the Civil Liberties Union, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Frederick J. Libby and Wilbur K. Thomas have joined in a letter to President Hoover asking his assistance in getting the bill enacted. President Hoover promptly referred the letter to the State Department. The bill has been referred to the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, the acting chairman of which, in the absence of Senator Reed at the London naval conference, is Senator Frank K. Greene, of Vermont. The Navy Department recommended against the enactment of the bill, stating, "it is believed that the value to the United States of the services of the officers serving on these stations is greater, because of the international relations thereby promoted, than if serving at home."

The War Department, also opposing this bill, states in a letter to the chairman of the Senate Committee, "In the opinion of the War Department the reasons which led to the enactment of the present law are still as cogent as when first considered."

Those who recognize that such military missions are, as The Christian Century has stated, "potential ambassadors of militarism" can consistently urge Chairman Greene to give a hearing on this bill, and request their own Senators to support it.

Washington, D. C. BENJAMIN C. MARSH.

Progressivism in the Solid South

SIR: In your "Washington Notes" in The New Republic of February 12, there appears a very interesting discussion of the present possibilities of the third-party movement. Among other things, it was said, "It is the Southern Democrats who cling to the so-called traditions and principles of the party."

Certainly there is a strong tradition of conservatism in the South upon issues such as Fundamentalism versus Modernism in religion. But the South is not so reactionary upon economic issues. At least there is some fire left in the Southland, and it may need only a little practical rekindling. The historical records here of the contributions of the South to the Granger movement and Populism evidence this fact. The Southern Senators and Congressmen may remain in the Democratic column, but there is no reason why Progressive Congressmen, as well as Senators, should not be elected from the Southern states. These men would be as valuable as any from other parts of the nation in their contributions to the Progressive movement.

Furthermore, a more active Progressive line-up might become evident in the House. In the "Washington Notes" mentioned above, T. R. B. says that the "power the Progressives and Democrats have had in this session is a sufficient guarantee of the continuation of" the coalition for Progressivism in the Senate. This taste of power, even in the Senate chamber, should stimulate more united activity of Progressive in Congress, including the House.

Texas State House of Representatives. ROLLAND BRADLEY.
Austin, Tex.

"The Metropolis of Tomorrow"

SIR: I have noted with interest the review in your February 12 issue of my recent book, "The Metropolis of Tomorrow."

Since many of your readers are interested in the subject of city planning and thus desire a correct impression of the proposals currently being made by various city planners, you may permit me to call their attention to the fact that, in this review, a major contention of this book has been misrepresented. I refer to that major problem of city planning, the ubiquitous skyscraper.

The review indicates that the book embodies "the common megalopolitan dream," based on the assumption that skyscrapers should be made "more ubiquitous." The review further announces the "fundamental dishonesty of his [the author's] picture of the metropolis of tomorrow," referring, at just this point, to the invocation, in the illustrations, of a natural light falling on the lower floors of skyscrapers.

But a true impression of what the author has, in fact, proposed as to the disposition and natural lighting of skyscrapers may be had from the following direct quotations from his book. In the imaginary metropolis for which he pleads, "no two [towers] rise in close juxtaposition to each other; roughly calculated, they appear to be in no case less than half a mile apart"; "each great mass is surrounded by a great spaciousness"; "they are located according to some city-wide plan," serving as "express stations for traffic" and being related by a "system of broad avenues." "In the wide areas which lie between these towers—and which make up by far the greater area of the city—the buildings are all comparatively low," "no higher than the width of the streets which they face." "Presumably there is, in such an architectural landscape, a free access to light and air on the part of all buildings whether high or low." (pp. 109, 110-14.)

New York City. HUGH FERRISS.

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A French View of Jefferson

Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism, by Gilbert Chinard. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 548 pages. $5.

GILBERT CHINARD defines Thomas Jefferson as "the apostle of Americanism." Another French writer, Bernard Faÿ, has recently defined Benjamin Franklin as "the apostle of modern times." These two books, each the considered study of a scholar, demand comparison, not only because of their intimately related subjects, but more immediately because they give the instructive perspective of a foreign point of view for an historical approach to contemporary America. This value is heightened by the fact that both authors are French, and both Franklin and Jefferson had commerce of some importance with French thought, the French government and the French people.

Judging from the doctrines of the selected "apostles," it may be said that Faÿ is less kind in his definition of "modern times" than Chinard is in his definition of "Americanism." In other words, Franklin was the careful and scrupulous average of the national character, and Jefferson was the best, or near to the best, which that character could produce. Franklin was an ambitious man, whose axioms were expedient; Jefferson, considering his opportunities, was peculiarly lacking in ambition, and his principles were philosophical. But if those principles were philosophical, he was not inferior to Franklin as a practical man of affairs. That ability has to some extent been overlooked and Jefferson has been regarded as a simple "idealist" because he happened to realize that something else must give aim and value to the practical effort. He may have been "firmly convinced that the business of life was with matter," but there was a vast difference between his materialism and that of Franklin.

In both of these studies the Gallic mind has been troubled in some degree by what Robert Morss Lovett, writing of Faÿ's book, has called the "American compromise." Chinard has made a more rigorous attempt to investigate the origin and precise nature of this compromise. In reference to an early phase of the apparent discrepancy between Jefferson's theories of national isolation in politics and the protection of foreign commerce, Chinard remarks:

> We have here another striking instance of the close partitioning established by Jefferson between theory and practice, between his wishes as a philosopher, and his conception of his duties as a public servant. . . . There is probably nothing in this to astonish the man in the street, either in Washington or in London, for it seems to be a curious quality of the Anglo-Saxon mind to be able to pursue a very practical and hard-headed policy, while keeping its belief in disinterested and idealistic principles. Yet it may not be out of place to mention that this is the very reason why both England and America have so often been accused of hypocrisy by European public opinion.

A long sequence of incidents in Jefferson's career can be subjected to precisely this same criticism—if in most of these cases it is a criticism. In the protracted struggle against Hamilton and the Federalists, Jefferson fought tenaciously for a strict and rigorous construction of the Constitution, only to assume, some ten years later, a prerogative in the purchase of the Louisiana Territory which exceeded Hamilton's wildest audacities if not his wildest dream. In the earlier part of his career in national politics, Jefferson opposed a protective tariff; as President, he favored one. And for many generations political adversaries have quoted Jeffersonian texts as they quote the Bible, thereby creating considerable confusion in the minds of people whose politics were as muddled as their theology.

Chinard may define this "double-track intellect" as a characteristic of Jefferson and of Americanism, but he makes an honest and largely successful effort to understand it. In Jefferson it did not bear the hypocritical inflection which it always seems to carry in the opportunistic or merely confused politician. And it was just as remote from what Emerson meant when he struck out his characteristic aphorism: "Consistency is the bugaboo of little minds." Jefferson never violated his fundamental principles: his idea of a democracy which would give the greatest scope for the development of the "natural *aristoi*," and his contractual concept of society with its inalienable and conceded rights and its corollaries of state's rights, public education, free speech, free press, the abolition of slavery and the disestablishment of the Church. Despite his belief in agriculture as the basis of society, there is no evidence that he ever sacrificed for it the interests of the commercially minded North.

Jefferson's political bias, like that of most people, was determined to a large degree by the accidents of his birth and rearing. His father was a gigantic up-country farmer, who read Shakespeare or Addison to his family in the evenings; his mother was a Virginia aristocrat, who had been won by that up-country farmer's success in his several practical ventures. While in college at Williamsburg, Jefferson moved in the society to which his mother's people belonged and was an intimate at the Governor's house, but he did not forget neighbors of the hill country who had been less prosperous than his own father. And it was not many years before he was to lead the double revolt against the Crown, as represented in the Governor, and the prerogatives of the tidewater aristocrats from whom his mother had come. Jefferson, who had a foot in both camps, became the "democrat"; Hamilton rose from his dubious West Indian origins to become the spectacular "aristocrat."

Chinard has scrupulously traced the rationalization and development of Jefferson's social doctrines from that early bias through his reading in the classics, the law, the works of John Locke, and to some extent in the French philosophers of the eighteenth century, whose influence, especially that of the Physiocrats, Chinard is inclined to discount. In the end, the accidents of birth and temperament found form in a philosophy which might be explained, but not criticized, on that basis.

The fundamental principles of that philosophy were never violated, and in the last years, as William E. Dodd has indicated, the "Sage of Monticello" retained with peculiar tenacity a faith in the beliefs of his youth and maturity. "I will not believe that our labors are lost," he wrote to John Adams. Certain apparent violations are defined by Chinard as examples of Jefferson's ability "to take things by the smooth handle." There was a realistic bent to Jefferson's mind; he was very far from the "closet philosopher," defeated by his own inconsistencies when in contact with a practical problem. Study and a rich international experience gave him a knowledge of life from the French court to the pioneer's cabin beyond the Blue Ridge, and he understood very well the machinery for imposing his ideas upon the recalcitrant facts of either environment. When the machinery labored, Jefferson was the first to call attention to his own resulting contradictions—and by such honesty he kept his primary position intact.

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Beyond these principles for which Jefferson fought so long and with such final consistency, Chinard sees his self-conscious nationalism. His conduct during the French troubles of the Adams administration—perhaps the real crisis of his career—prompts Chinard to this high praise:

> Whatever may have been his weaknesses and shortcomings, his inconsistencies and contradictions, the man who, in the hectic atmosphere of Philadelphia, was able to put aside his own interests, the interests of his party, his social and political ideals, to think nationally, was indeed a great American. We may venture to say that he was at that time the only great American in the country.

For Chinard, this is the final basis on which Jefferson's career and thinking can be understood.

There was another aspect to this nationalism. America was a unique experiment, one in which he had perfect faith, but it was also an experiment which could not be safely undertaken in other lands. To his French friends, when they were engaged in their own Revolution, he said that the English rather than the American government should be the model. His doctrines were not for the world—he knew far too much about that world beyond America—and he had little of the instinct of the crusader. If the American house were set in order, it might serve as a useful model, but the citizen's first duty was to set the house in order and not to meddle in other people's affairs. And this was precisely the problem, according to Chinard's estimate, which Jefferson was never able to solve logically; he simply trusted to an instinct which dictated political isolation and at the same time pursued, with superb tactics, the policy of international commercial development. The commercial development, in both foreign and domestic aspects, went far beyond either his hopes or desires, while his doctrine of isolation still continued to influence the foreign policies of the United States. The results of that incestuous union of Jeffersonian political aloofness and Hamiltonian industrial development were still "conspicuous in the position taken by President Wilson during his first administration; they reappear again and again in all American declarations referring to the League of Nations, mandates and reparations."

It is an ironic paradox that America's foreign policies, in isolation and the Monroe Doctrine, should have followed so closely Jefferson's principles, and that the domestic development, on which his most passionate hopes were centered, should have diverged so far in both economic and social aspects. The fact, not the conclusion, of the Civil War meant the real defeat of those hopes. The general sectional division which Jefferson's political program made articulate was that of a new West against an old East. It represented a healthy antinomy which was inevitable in the organic growth of the nation; it was the trunk and the green branches. The division between the North and the South was an entirely different sort of alignment, for it meant a difference between two primary principles of development and not a mere circumstantial difference of degree in the growth of one nation. That Jefferson was aware of this and fought against it in the very basis of his concept of party organization is obvious from the manner in which Chinard presents his materials, and it is even more obvious from a cursory examination of Jefferson's career and writings, but Chinard does not fully clear this point, which might have some importance in explaining the mind of the "apostle of Americanism."

Yet Jefferson understood the matter, and when the alignment became finally apparent on the Missouri question, his optimism failed him. "The banks, bankrupt laws, manufactures, Spanish treaty are nothing. These are occurrences which, like waves in a storm, will pass under the ship. . . . From the Battle of Bunker's Hill to the Treaty of Paris, we never had so ominous a question. . . . I thank God that I shall not live to witness its issue." The rift was irreparable, the spring of 1861 came, and the handsome aristocratic economist who died from the slugs of Burr's pistol conquered, in the end, the democrat and philosopher who lived long enough to thank God that he would not witness the end of the story. On that matter Jefferson must share the description which Allen Tate has given of Lincoln—"the most defeated great man in American history."

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

The Promised Land

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS has never been forced to "get up" her material. She has been identified from birth with a tradition, a known way of life, and she has escaped the unsettling effects of living her impressionable years in the harassing, continually fluid environment of our industrial centers. Her roots go deep into a distinctive soil, as her books, no less than her publishers, remind us. From childhood she has quite evidently sucked in the legends of a storied region, the folksongs, the turns of phrase, the savor of a Kentucky that has been an integral part of an agrarian democracy. Her origins have fed her imagination. A lyric temperament and remarkable poetic gifts have combined with her fortunate situation to produce two extraordinarily fine novels—her first, "The Time of Man," and this, her third, called "The Great Meadow" after Kentucky, the Indian word for "meadow lands," which won out over Transylvania as the official designation of the state. "The Great Meadow" is more satisfactory than "The Time of Man" because of its greater verbal economy.

Like all of Miss Roberts' work, "The Great Meadow" is, fundamentally, lyricism. Again Miss Roberts has taken the common speech of the Scotch-Irish and the English who pushed over the blue wall of the southern Appalachians to fill the coves and the lands beyond, and again she has beaten it into her own delightful rhythm, doing for it something analogous to what John Millington Synge did for the English of "The Playboy" and "Deirdre of the Sorrows." Her prose is unencumbered with the words that an industrial order has brought into the language; it retains the pristine freshness of the Elizabethan songs. One does not have to be a philologist to realize that Miss Roberts' sentences are largely from the Saxon side of the tongue. Incidentally, it would be interesting for an expert in these matters to make out a percentage chart of the Saxonisms and the Latinisms in Miss Roberts' work.

The story of "The Great Meadow" is simple. A recital of it would give no idea of the book's quality, which is largely a matter of overtone and undertone. It is the story of Diony Hall, who mingles the blood of Pennsylvania Methodists and Virginia tidewater aristocracy in her veins, and who, at the opening of the book, is enjoying her girlhood in the region of the upper James. Her sister is all for a return to the amenities of the tidewater towns; but Diony is fated to go with her husband, Berk Jarvis,

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over Boone's Wilderness Trace to the new settlement of Kentuck. Her father is left behind her, along with the echoes of the fighting about New York, where Washington and the British troops are engaged in playing cat and mouse. No doubt Thomas Hall, the father, is consoled for the departure of his oldest daughter by his favorite philosopher, Berkeley, whom Diony keeps in the recesses of her brain as she helps impose the reality of the white man's mind upon the chaos of the wilderness. "Oh," she says, "to make a world out of chaos"—a theme that recurs throughout the story.

The type of experience she encounters is familiar to anyone who has read, say, a life of George Rogers Clark, or any chronicle of the Ohio frontier. Diony herself is more important, in an extra-literary sense, to us of the twentieth century than the sum of her adventures, no matter how moving they may be. She is important in a literary sense because she gives the book the "spiritual dynamism" that Ramon Fernandez has made one of his criteria of great art. In an extra-literary sense she is important because of her incessant practice of the virtue of courage. In this she definitely takes her place as a typical woman of the Roberts' gallery, sister to Ellen Chesser of "The Time of Man," and to the Kentucky girl who is the pathetically brave end product of decayed gentility in "My Heart and My Flesh." It is interesting to note that courage, as exemplified by certain of the pioneers of "The Grandmothers" and by Bad Han of "The Apple of the Eye," has been the theme of Glenway Wescott, to whom "The Great Meadow" is dedicated. It is interesting, also, to note that courage—or the "will" to a "reintegration of the human spirit"—is the theme of Yvor Winters, another member of the University of Chicago group with which Miss Roberts and Wescott were alike identified. And—more forebodingly—it is interesting to observe that both Miss Roberts and Wescott, in tackling the theme of courage, have written of a way of life that is dying with the rise of industrial America.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Chekhov: Enfant Terrible

That Worthless Fellow Platonov, by Anton Chekhov. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 279 pages. $2.50.

SOMEWHERE or other, in one of his stories or plays (or perhaps in an apocryphal conversation), Chekhov says: "He who tells lies is dirty." It is this profound wisdom of the nursery, this stating of grown-up truth in the language of a child, that sets off the Russians—and of all Russians, Chekhov—from their less superficially naïve brothers of Europe. This essentially Russian quality, for which we have no word, and no description that is not half-consciously derogatory, is to be found in its purest state in the novels of Dostoievsky, the stories and plays of Chekhov.

And it is in his short stories, after all, rather than in his plays, that Chekhov's countenance appears most clearly: a countenance now beaming, now wrinkled into shameless emotion, but always open, always frank, always terribly honest. It is only half-heartedly that we can deplore the fact of Chekhov's never publishing a novel: the brevity, immediacy, finiteness of the short story suited him better; even in his masterpiece "The Cherry Orchard" we feel a little anxious for him at times, as if we knew he was not at his best before so many people. Yet Chekhov's plays have probably established his reputation more securely than his stories have: it will perhaps best remain an open question which, of all the ephemeral forms of art, is the most ephemeral.

"That Worthless Fellow Platonov," according to the translator, has never before been published. It is an early work: "obviously . . . in an unfinished state"; many of the speeches, and many parts of others, are printed in brackets. It is interesting to note that, almost without exception, cutting out these bracketed speeches would greatly improve the play. They are padding: something almost not to be met with in Chekhov. There are obvious similarities between "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" and "The Cherry Orchard": in both the central scene is the impoverished estate of a noble family, and the general theme of the two plays is similar: the bankruptcy of Russian intellect, aristocracy, morals; but the tone of the earlier play is light, comedic, sometimes farcical. In "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" appear scenes and figures that are tentative, unlikely: Ossip, "the dark character," the serving man who is in love with his mistress and threatens to murder Platonov, is half sinister, half grotesque; the scene in which he saves Platonov's wife from the railway train reminds us inevitably of the similar rescue in Mr. Christopher Morley's recent Hoboken production, "After Dark."

Platonov is a school teacher, young, intelligent, tremendously attractive, the most exciting figure in the community. His young wife, Sasha, adores him; several other women are willing to try. A party is being given by Mme. Voinitzev, a general's widow, the great lady of the town. Everyone is there: everyone dances, talks, drinks, walks in the garden, which is exquisitely illuminated with Japanese lanterns. Platonov is in great form: drinks too much, talks too much, flirts with the ladies. Carried away, he goes a little too far, and hurts a pretty girl's feelings by plumping her down on a table, in front of the whole company. His wife goes home at a decent hour, but Platonov, that worthless fellow, drunk with exhilaration, stays on. He makes foolish promises to his hostess and to her newly married daughter-in-law, both of whom are a little in love with him. Finally he wanders home; his wife is still awake, but he will not come to bed; it is too glorious a night, and he begins to feel remorse for his foolishness, and wants to sit in the moonlight and savor his feelings.

Sofya, the newly married lady, takes Platonov too seriously, and wants to run away with him. Rumors break out; his wife, deeply hurt, leaves him; Platonov, who only wants to love everyone and offend nobody, is beside himself; the wronged husband comes to kill him, but (in almost a caricature of a Chekhov scene) breaks down and confesses that he is too fond of Platonov to do him any harm. Finally, in a scene of general confrontation in the widow's house, Mme. Voinitzev's common sense seems about to untangle the ludicrously knotted situation, when Sofya, her emotion too strong for her (and perhaps, for her author) rushes in with a revolver, and shoots the hero-villain. In spite of this violent end, the play leaves the unmistakable impression of comedy.

As a whole, "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" seems needlessly complicated, unsurely constructed. Too many of the characters threaten to run away with the performance. Obvious as its weaknesses are, however, and creaky as are some of its virtues, the play has flashes of the genuine Chekhov. Says Triletzky, one of the minor characters: "When I philosophize I lie terribly." When Platonov, extremely irritated, is forced into an argument with Vengerovitch, a Jew, he finally bursts out: "Let it be as you say! There's no out-arguing a half-educated Jew!" To which Vengerovitch replies in all humility: "No, there isn't . . ." and proceeds. The women, as usual with Chekhov, seem very

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common-sensible in comparison with the men. Platonov is trying to convince Mme. Voinitzev and himself that he loves her, but in an unworldly manner; she cuts him short: "Oh! You've talked enough nonsense! Why, it's very simple: a woman has come to you . . . she loves you and you love her. . . . The weather is lovely. . . . What could be more simple? Where does philosophy come in? Or politics? Or do you want to show off?"

It is this tone, these well remembered but rarely heard accents of the *enfant terrible,* the child who blurts out the embarrassing truth, that makes Chekhov a never-failing delight. These sayings of his have sometimes been counted to him for cleverness; but it is not the clever people who have a child for father.

T. S. Matthews.

The Lineage of Donne

Circumference: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse, 1456-1928. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Covici-Friede. 237 pages. $6.

"CIRCUMFERENCE" is an attempt to define, by inductive selection, a poetic species which perplexed Dryden and Dr. Johnson in their day, and whose modern revival has taxed the ingenuity of many specialists—among them Professor Grierson, Mr. Eliot and Mr. Read—in ours. To the study of metaphysical verse Miss Taggard brings a poet's sympathy and speculative courage. One may liken her book to George Moore's volume of "pure poetry" as revealing the pitfalls of literary classification, but only after one pays tribute to the magnitude and subtleties of her task, and to the sober understanding with which she has approached it.

Few critical assumptions demand revision more urgently than the popular notion of the metaphysical. The term has become in the last decade a facile label for any poem of introspective character with surface derivations from Donne. The intellectual and experiential requirements of true metaphysical inquiry (and the impossibility of conducting it without a moral and conceptual basis attainable today mainly by strenuous personal synthesis) have been glibly overlooked.

Although Miss Taggard agrees with Grierson that Lucretius and Dante are the great metaphysicians of poetry and that the seventeenth century by no means limits the scope of metaphysical investigation in English literature, she rightly accepts Donne as the leader of his school because of his high speculative ingenuity and his grasp of the physical reality from which such speculation must proceed. Emily Dickinson is his foremost descendant, Milton his opposite, and Keats the measure of metaphysical incompetence. Donne is the model of the profound curiosity, the stoic reverence for hypothesis, the "salty sanity," and the trust in science as "the freedom of the universe" which Miss Taggard demands of her poet. She apparently believes with Eliot that it was through a refined "mechanism of sensibility" that he and his followers achieved their clairvoyance, their oblique penetration, and the formal stylistic vigor which they bequeathed to their modern disciples. But she fails (particularly in her selections) to see in this sensibility the very medium whereby metaphysics becomes poetry. She takes her term "to describe a state of mind," apart from special themes or methods. The true metaphysical essence which Mr. Herbert Read has thoughtfully described somehow eludes her analysis. Turning for verification to the poems that follow, one finds it too frequently absent, in spite of Miss Taggard's concessions in subtitle, foreword and preface.

Up to 1750 Donne is safely her guide, but after 1750 her poems share only a subject matter that lies, in the dictionary's broad meaning, "beyond physics." The verse of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries postulates a scrutiny which Miss Taggard has hardly supplied. After her own strictures, the presence of Milton and Keats is at least puzzling, and even Wordsworth and "In Memoriam" leave the reader to explain the warrant for their inclusion. It is impossible to trace the metaphysical essence in Gray's "Elegy," Burns's "To a Mouse," Poe's "Haunted Castle," Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine," and a minor diversion like Ransom's "Piazza Piece." Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Elinor Wylie and E. E. Cummings represent the moderns best, but the fact that Miss Taggard has left salient issues in her study undetermined is seen in the absence of Meredith, Hardy, Yeats, Mrs. Meynell and Miss Sitwell; in the indifference shown toward the greater metaphysical virtues of Hart Crane, Allen Tate, Louise Bogan, Marianne Moore and Léonie Adams; and in the presence of several rather dubious talents. But the shortcomings of Miss Taggard's beautiful book when considered as a definitive anthology in its field are counterbalanced by success in its effort: to bring into focus our inquiries regarding the metaphysical motives in poetry, and to suggest a more convincing analysis of them in the future.

Morton Dauwen Zabel.

Labor in Illinois

A History of the Illinois Federation of Labor, by Eugene Staley. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 579 pages. $4.

THE fact that the activities of state and city federations of labor have been relatively unexplored by students of American labor problems makes Mr. Staley's history of the colorful Illinois movement all the more interesting. He traces its history from its inception in 1884, when A. C. Cameron, the veteran of the National Labor Union, helped to give it birth, through the nineties, when the playboy-racketeer, William C. Pomeroy, and the socialistic program-maker, Tommy Morgan, clashed at every turn, to the present day when the miner John Walker, and the sailor Victor Olander, direct its activities. Along the way nearly every type of labor leader and nearly every form of labor action come to the surface. The corruptionists, Skinny Madden, Simon O'Donnell and William Quesse, are as much a part of the picture as Walker and McDonald, the idealistic leaders of the miners, and the sturdy John Fitzpatrick. Nor has the movement been wanting in able tacticians. In Victor Olander, the traditional philosophy of the A. F. of L. has found perhaps its ablest and most attractive exponent, while for almost a decade the equally adroit William Z. Foster tried to steer the movement to the Left.

But beneath the clash of personalities real conflicts have been waged. The up-surge of the miners, coinciding with the purification of the Chicago Federation of Labor, not only gave vitality to the state federation, but led to the promotion of consumers' coöperation and the launching of the Labor party movement of 1919-20. The failure of this movement to command much popular support, combined with the activities of the Communists, led Walker and Fitzpatrick to abandon independent political action. Len Small was then in power in the state, and to protect the

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miners' certificate law, to prevent a state constabulary from being organized and to place peaceful picketing beyond the reaches of the injunction, the Federation formed an implicit alliance with him. How much labor gained from this alliance is still dubious, for, although the first two objectives were won, the real extent of the third has still to be determined by the courts, while on the negative side, the movement has undoubtedly lost external prestige and inner idealism by its support of Small and Frank Smith. But while one may doubt the wisdom of the decision, no one, not even Foster himself, can question the personal integrity of Walker and Olander in their devotion to what they regard as the best interests of their group.

Along with all these decisions on the higher strategy of labor has gone the everyday work of the organization. It was largely responsible for the original workmen's compensation law and for its improvement, it is still working for an eight-hour law for women and an old-age pension act, and it has perhaps helped to mitigate the severity of the judicial interpretation of labor law. Most important of all, it has helped to make the workers more conscious of their interest in government and has given them a broader view of life. Mr. Staley has done well to weave all these threads together into a study which reflects credit not only upon him, but also upon Professor H. A. Millis, whose direction of this and many other local studies is giving us a more complete knowledge of the American labor movement as it affects localities.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

Notes on Novels

Pure Gold, by O. E. Rolvaag. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Revolt of the Fishermen, by Anna Seghers. Translated from the German by Margaret Goldsmith. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

NO TITAN has sung the saga of the American prairies. Only O. E. Rolvaag, once a fisherman in Norway, long a college teacher in Minnesota, and the author of "Giants in the Earth" and "Peder Victorious," has sought the scale of the saga. He has planned epics: he has not produced them; and he never has mastered his prose. He is, nevertheless, the first to voice the terror of the prairies, and to celebrate the immigrant Norwegians and their wheatlands. In "Pure Gold" he swerves from his saga theme to a story of greed. Lars Houglum and Lizzie Oien are married, and buy a mortgaged farm; gold pieces become their "babies"; friends are pushed away, and their house is fired by patrioteers. Years go by. Finally, after zigzagging through a snowstorm, Houglum pitches dead in his own hallway; in their stoveless room above, Lizzie freezes. Canvas belts, stuffed with their hoardings, are burned with their bodies. The novel quickens only in parts four and five. A change of translators has not freshened a commonplace style. Mr. Rolvaag should cleanse and compress his writing, and return to his more successful chronicle of Peder.

"The Revolt of the Fishermen" is the essence of compression. Like Hauptmann's weavers, these fishers have toiled long and hungered much. Their discontent, when ignited by the agitator Hull, flares hot in Kedennek, a fisherman, and his orphaned nephew Andreas. The seacoast villages unite; later the union disintegrates; Kedennek is riddled by soldiers; the fishing vessels sail again. Andreas sinks a ship, and escapes; then, hiding among the cliffs, he is fed by Mary, the prostitute of the inn. Hull returns, is captured; Andreas spills down the cliffs, shot by the soldiers; and the fishermen have revolted for nothing. Everywhere Miss Seghers' slaving masses are like an enormous, undulating being; thus she compares with Hauptmann; she clearly excels him in molding individuals: Andreas the illuminated rebel; the husband Kedennek and his wife; Mary the prostitute, who always twisted her yellow scarf, even when the soldiers ended her; and Hull, who "wanted the sea and comrades and women and other port cities . . . . another April, many new Aprils." A lack of clarity in transitions, an occasional wrenching of the images, a metallic angularity of style are the author's only flaws. Tense, flinty, translated flexibly by Margaret Goldsmith, this novel crystallizes a group of beings more alive than the dramatized economic integers in "The Weavers."

J. M.

Drum and Monkey, by George Manning-Sanders. New York: Horace Liveright. $2.50.

DREGS of humanity, drunkards, harlots, cutthroats, thieves—blood brothers to the wretches in Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets"—live and love in the ill-smelling houses of Silver Street and foregather at its "pub," the "Drum and Monkey." At No. 40, Charles Bickford Honey, rag and bone merchant, ekes out a miserable existence, plagued by a shrewish, tippling wife. His hopes are centered on his son, Bick, who is going to realize the dreams his father had never been able to realize for himself. Honey's struggle to preserve his integrity in a bitterly hostile world and his determination to keep Bick from the vice and squalor of the street provide the action of the story. Mr. Manning-Sanders has been remarkably successful in presenting his Rogues' Gallery and in conveying the "feel" of the characters in terms of their milieu. There are frequent touches of utterly disarming humor. "I've only regretted marrying once," says Julia, "and that's ever since." "Drum and Monkey" has been something of a literary sensation in England, and it is to be hoped that America will recognize the originality and penetration of this first-rate novel.

E. H.

Contributors

JOHN T. FLYNN is a New York journalist, former managing editor of The Globe, and a contributor to the leading periodicals.

"PERRY HOBBS" is the pseudonym of a well known editor and critic, who writes from personal experience with the customs censorship.

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PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Chicago, has been granted a six months' leave of absence to act as director of the recently established Institute of Unemployment at Swarthmore.

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